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OF LITERATURE

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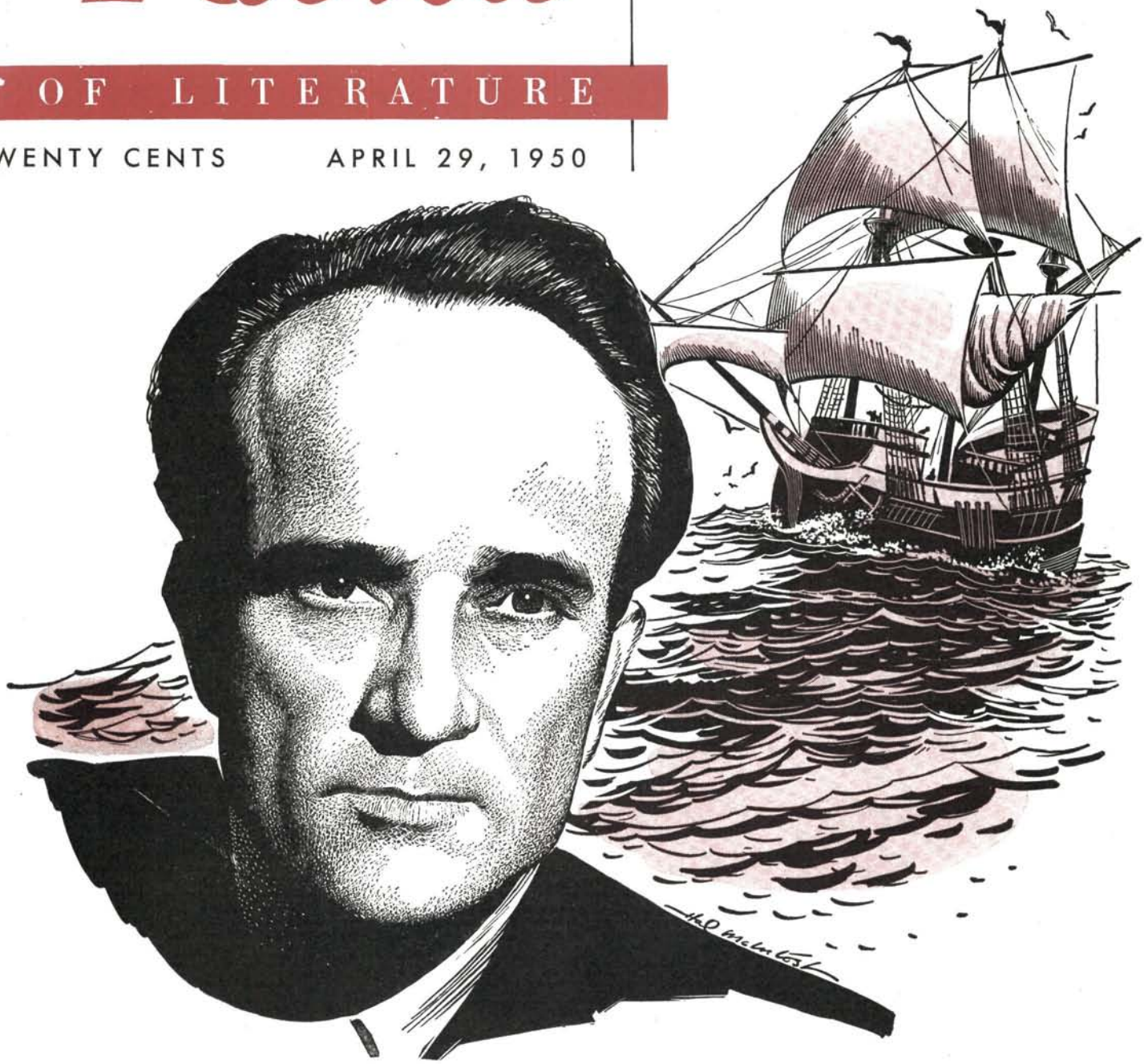
(See Recordings, page 45)



Ernest Gébler, author of "The Plymouth Adventure," (See page 13)

Butler When I Was a Nobody

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

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PLAYWRIGHT-ACTOR STILL PACKS THEM IN THE AISLES

Death Sentence Without a Dateline

NEW YORK. Ward Pearson is going to die. He may die in five years, a week . . . tomorrow. Mr. Pearson lives in a New York suburb with his wife Peg and his son Chris. He is an editor at Major Publications, publishers of true detective magazines. Recently he has developed an acute distaste for commercially packaged gore. Ward does not want his family to know that he is suffering from a fatal brain illness. He is working on a novel which he may never finish.

The *New York Herald Tribune* says of this story, "William Manners has taken a difficult subject and thought it through in mature fashion, facing up to the fact of death without flinching and without mawkish or morbid overtones." "Manners has realized his characters successfully, and handled the situation remarkably well," says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

ONE IS A LONESOME NUMBER

By WILLIAM MANNERS

$3.00

Gladys Hurlbut in New Hit

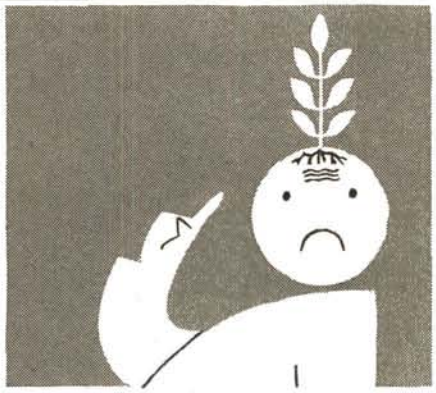
LOS ANGELES, CAL. Gladys Hurlbut, local actress and playwright has scored her greatest triumph to date in her delightful autobiography NEXT WEEK—EAST LYNNE! *Joe Laurie* in *Variety* calls it "a book that was written with grease-paint for a typewriter ribbon . . . a story about a stock company leading lady that tells all, and I mean all. . . . It is the best history of stock company theatricals that I have ever read." According to *Tallulah Bankhead*, it is full of "revealing insights on a lunatic craft."

NEXT WEEK—EAST LYNNE! is selling enthusiastically, not only on the "gimlet and gum circuit," but all points north, south, east and west.

NEXT WEEK-EAST LYNNE!

By GLADYS HURLBUT

$3.00



Portrait of a stuffed-shirt in wizard's clothing, otherwise known as a scientist. Anthony Standen deflates him in "a rampageous blast against the pretensions of super-scientists . . . pleasant reading," according to Lewis Gannett, *New York Herald Tribune*. It is called SCIENCE IS A SACRED COW, and costs only $2.75.

New Southern Author Discovered

NEW YORK. E. P. Dutton & Co. announces the publication of a brilliant first novel by a promising new author. A native of Alabama and Virginia, James Ballard served during the war with the Air Corps. Like the hero of his book he went to St. John's College in Annapolis. To date his only published work has been in the field of the short story.

His first full-length book is the beautifully written story of two generations—set in the mythical Southern state of "Appalachia". Jason Allen, the hero, started life with the still-born hope "not to be touched, not to be broken, not to be hurt." In this long, vital novel of violence, passion, friendship, love and hate, Jason gradually learns that no one can live his life in a vacuum.

Title-sleuths will be interested to know that the phrase BUT A LITTLE MOMENT comes from Shakespeare's Sonnet XV.

Dutton is most excited over the discovery of a talent which promises to rank high on the list of important literary figures of the new decade.

BUT A LITTLE MOMENT

By JAMES BALLARD

$3.75

NEW YORK. Of the hundreds of new books offered by publishers this spring, critics polled by *The Saturday Review of Literature* voted Marchette Chute's SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON the best non-fiction of the season. *Christopher Morley* calls it "the only book about Shakespeare that Shakespeare himself, if he came back, would care to read." If Shakespeare would risk $4.00 why don't you? *Henry Seidel Canby* says it is "the best life of Shakespeare ever written," and the Book-of-the-Month Club has made it a dual selection.

The Saturday Review of Literature made it the feature book on April 1st, and said, "Marchette Chute . . . has written a learned, wise, and vastly entertaining book about the colorful life of Shakespeare's world. The volume should become the cherished possession of everyone who takes delight in the works of our greatest poet."

The Chicago Tribune dedicated the cover of its Magazine of Books to Miss Chute's book and said, "at last Shakespeare's life story emerges from the mists of conjecture and legend. . . . It is a grand book, filled with the soundest research and reasoning, yet it reads as easily as a novel."

And the *New York Herald Tribune Book Review* put its review on the front page, March 26th, and wrote, "Miss Chute has felt the tremendous vitality and excitement of Shakespeare's London world, and she has succeeded in communicating it. . . . If you want a book which reads as easily as fiction and yet contrives to bring together all the tiniest pieces of the Shakespeare records and to make a coherent and convincing picture out of the jig-saw, Miss Chute is your philosopher and friend."

SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON

By MARCHETTE CHUTE

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April 29, 1950

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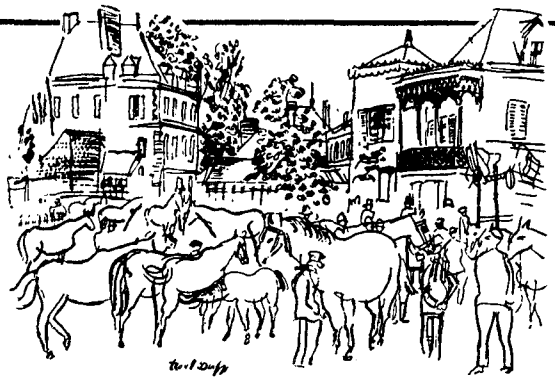

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TRADE Winds

FOR A GRAPHIC illustration of the devastation that was accomplished by "rugged individualists" in the days when they had neither governmental regulations nor mobilized public opinion to stay their hands, I recommend a tour through the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. In their efforts to mine coal at the lowest possible cost and get it off to market ahead of the competition, operators not only turned beautiful hillsides and valleys into perfect settings for Dante's Inferno, but by dumping coal dust and filthy water from the breakers indiscriminately in brooklets and streams, polluted them so completely that there are practically no fish alive today in the entire state. The waters of the lovely Schuylkill, for instance, are contaminated all the way down to Chesapeake Bay and will continue to be for the next decade at least, despite belated legislation by aroused civic authorities.

Anthracite is "hard" coal, containing the highest percentage of fixed carbon and, because it is smokeless, was considered the most desirable fuel until oil and natural gas challenged its supremacy. Oldsters will remember, for instance, the Lackawanna Railroad's boast that because its engines burned this superior coal, "Now Phoebe Snow direct can go from Thirty-third to Buffalo; her gown stays white from morn to night upon the Road of Anthracite."

Practically all the anthracite sold for commercial use in the United States is mined in a parallelogram of 500 square miles, bound roughly by Scranton on the North, Pottsville on the south, Mauch Chunk on the east, and Sunbury on the west. The field was discovered before the Revolution and when demand was at its peak produced almost a hundred million net tons annually. Only the pioneering lumbermen who destroyed forests with no thought of conservation or reseeding did more to ravage the countryside and squander our natural resources than the owners of the anthracite mines. The soil was ripped open, rocks dumped into shapeless piles, and the coal dust allowed to form huge and hideous culm banks. Nothing ever will grow there again. The miners were so overworked and underpaid that it is scarce wonder their progeny look upon John L. Lewis today as a hero and deliverer. Anybody who thinks Lewis has lost his hold on the mine workers will suffer a rude awakening by talking to a few of them in person.

Neither Lewis nor the mine operators can dodge the fact that theirs appears to be a doomed industry, condemned by rising costs, recurrent strikes, and constantly multiplying sources of competing fuels. Citizens of the area, with the specter of the ghost towns of the West to goad them on, are striving desperately to avoid a similar fate by luring new industries to take up the slack. Already there are scores of shirt and silk factories, attracted by the modest labor demands of the miners' women folk. Hazleton has persuaded an automobile accessory maker to erect a local plant employing fifteen hundred workers. Its opening set off the most spontaneous celebration in those parts since John O'Hara, born in Pottsville, received his first advance on "Appointment in Samarra." Pottsville itself pins its hopes on a branch factory of the Aluminum Corporation of America, located on the site of the old fair grounds.

On the whole, however, the people of the anthracite zone are apprehensive and gloomy. The young folks are moving away. Salesmen rush through their rounds and hurry on to Harrisburg or Philadelphia Readers of this column know how much I usually enjoy exploring towns and districts hitherto unfamiliar to me. This was one region I couldn't get away from fast enough, despite the courtesy and kindness of my hosts and audience in Hazleton. Karl Goedecke drove me fifty miles through a dense fog to my train connection in Scranton, and even Hoboken at 5:30 looked mighty good to me when I stumbled onto the platform the next morning. . . .

"Once I was a fairly successful literary agent—then I began writing the stuff myself . . ."

AKRON WAS SOMETHING else again! The mushrooming rubber industry has turned it from a sleepy Ohio town into a bustling metropolis. Its sons and daughters face the future with justifiable bounce and confidence. A typical specimen is pulchritudinous Naomi Bender, who in one brief spell as literary editor of the *Beacon Journal* caused six New York publishers to throw themselves at her feet, and *B-J* owner John Knight to buy the *Chicago News* so he could get out of town. When Naomi demanded a review copy of a new book terrified publicity slaves sent six. A rash policeman who tried to pinch her for a traffic violation in 1940 is still nursing his wounds. . . . Other glowing advertisements for the Akron climate

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Violins and Violinists

By FRANZ FARGA

130 half-tone illustrations and 10 line drawings complete this fascinating history of the violin. It describes the evolution of violin construction, the fate of some famous instruments, and describes great performers and composers who have developed violin music. A chapter on Italian varnish will help the collector. $4.50

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are Novelist Ione Shriber and the Junior League's Katie Barbee, cocky as they come under ordinary circumstances, but so bemused by the charms of the speaker who preceded me that she introduced me as Bennett Mason Brown. . . . A wonderful thing about Akron is that it is only thirty-five miles south of Cleveland, enabling a visitor to travel via New York Central and taxi over to the swanky Mayflower Hotel. Unfortunately, I did not learn this in time. In a moment of unpardonable carelessness, I let my agent book me on the Pennsylvania, so, of course, arrived two hours late. . . .

EVEN KATIE BARBEE would have felt that full justice had been done to her hero, John Mason Brown, when New York's Town Hall tendered him a gala luncheon on the occasion of his fiftieth —yes, fiftieth—lecture at that institution. Not only the usual throng of adoring females, but a liberal sprinkling of fellow critics, authors, and producers elbowed their way into the jammed hall, and when they were called upon to say a few words their good-natured jibes reflected obvious affection—and sheer envy. Alfred de Liagre wondered how the lad referred to lovingly in his youth as "Kentucky Mushmouth" had been transformed suddenly into the most successful lecturer of the day. "The probable explanation," he concluded, "is that John makes the women of America think of all the things they haven't done with all the gentlemen they haven't met." Dick Watts suggested that one way to cure mass hysteria would be for John's lovely wife, Cassie, to accompany him on all lecture tours, reminding other ladies by her mere presence that for anybody else, as far as John was concerned, there definitely would be no tomorrow, and not even much tonight. Bob Sherwood told how *his* attempted lecture tour began and ended in St. Louis. A local critic observed, "Mr. Sherwood looks like an undertaker—and is just about as funny." Sherwood agreed heartily and sent his manager a two-word telegram: "Tour canceled." Louis Kronenberger, booked to replace Brown one season when the latter decided to visit England and France, never got started at all. He listened despairingly to one of John's more inspired performances, decided that angry ladies probably would lynch him if he tried to understudy, and sailed on John's boat.

When my turn came I told of the evening my wife and I took Danny Kaye to a party at the Browns' house. Everybody had a wonderful time until John remarked, "I've always thought you were one of the great comedians of our time." Danny, who like most authors and actors, can remember verbatim important notices —particularly unfavorable ones—for twenty years, sobered instantly and replied, "Then why did you brush me off when you reviewed 'Lady in the Dark' on January 24, 1941?" John said, "You're wrong. I raved over your performance." "No, sir," insisted Kaye. "You raved about Gertrude Lawrence and Moss Hart's book, but not about me." "It just so happens I've got my scrap book handy," said John with some asperity. "We'll look up exactly what I did say."

Feverishly the two gentlemen fingered through the Brown archive and found the review of "Lady in the Dark." John's piece was an unqualified endorsement, but not until the very last line was Kaye's name mentioned. The last line read, "Others in the cast were Victor Mature and Danny Kaye." "Well?" said Kaye. For probably the first time in his life John Mason Brown was speechless.

Incidentally, Norman Cousins emceed the Town Hall luncheon expertly and there was a definite *SRL* tinge to the proceedings. But this was one time when everybody in the room but John Brown was just "others in the cast." The warmth, gaiety, and radiant good will of the occasion were a reflection of qualities possessed by the guest of honor. —BENNETT CERF.

Shadows of Words

By Katharine Day Little

IT IS not for your small distinguished head
or for the swift awareness of your speech
that turns to caviare lowly daily bread
of idiom; no, not for these, though each
is rich with meaning for me, that I care
for you my friend—if so we choose to call
the untied tie that links us—nor that air
of yours that wears the grace of spring in fall.

It's not by these that you have thrust those deep
earth-roots down through the fibers of my heart
and colored casual moments so they keep
eternal charm; for others have their part
in painted hours. It's that your eyes are gray
with shadows of the words you'll never say.

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From the Editorial Rooms of The Beacon Press, Boston

New book hailed as ammunition for defense of the American Way in education

—REFUTES NEW "INTERPRETATION" BY INTERESTS SEEKING PUBLIC FUNDS FOR PAROCHIAL EDUCATION

THE AMERICAN TRADITION IN RELIGION AND EDUCATION. By R. Freeman Butts. Boston: The Beacon Press. At all booksellers. $3.

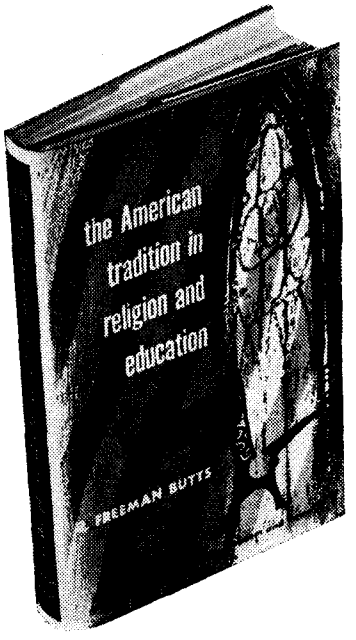
Sharpening the issues involved in today's controversy over the proper interpretation of the religious clause of the First Amendment, Professor R. Freeman Butts of Columbia writes that the American people may make any policy they wish about public tax funds being used for private and parochial schools. However, he warns, "We should know what we are doing.... We court disaster if we ignore the living traditions of our people." His book, *The American Tradition in Religion and Education* was published this week by The Beacon Press of Boston.

* * *

Seen in its new light, the issue is as simple as this: What is the practical meaning of the religious clause of the First Amendment? The Roman Catholic bishops and some writers hold that the practical meaning is that all religions should share equal and just financial support from public funds. This, they state, is the proper interpretation of the intentions of Madison, Jefferson, and the founders—an interpretation, they say, which the American people underwrote when they ratified the Constitution.

* * *

In clear-cut opposition are the Justices of the Supreme Court in the McCollum case and Justice Rutledge in the Everson case; together with many American scholars who have made this subject a special study. For example,



Conrad Moehlman, author of *The Catholic-Protestant Mind, School-Church: The American Way*, and other works, says: "Professor Butts has convincingly demonstrated that recently advanced arguments for a new interpretation of the religious clause of the First Amendment *have no foundation in either history, law or logic.*" Commenting on the same subject, William H. Kilpatrick, author of *Group Education for a Democracy* and many other nationally famous volumes, says: "Some other writers have refused to see or admit the full argument and its consistent logic. Dr. Butts, by contrast, looks all the pertinent facts squarely in the face and brings out in a most satisfying manner what Jefferson and Madison meant and how our courts have with fair consistency followed their logic. *In my judgment this is the best book we have on the subject.*"

Today America is torn by this historic controversy over the proper use of public tax money for public, private and parochial schools. Paul Blanshard, author of *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, has predicted that this "will be the battleground of democracy in the next ten years." Recently *The New York Times* commented editorially: "The issue of federal aid to education is bogged down in Washington. . . . The Senate-approved Thomas bill . . . has become enmeshed in a religious controversy. . . . To this newspaper it has always seemed that the sound and historic doctrine of separation of church and state—one of the basic principles on which this Republic is founded—must forbid the use of public funds for the support of non-public schools. . . ."

What America needs, says Professor Butts, is a careful examination of our traditions. He proceeds to present this examination in a way which has aroused the enthusiasm of historians and educators who have seen the manuscript. Says David Saville Muzzey *(History of the American People*, etc.): "It is a clear and convincing presentation of the vexed questions with which we have to deal and it ought to have the widest possible circulation."

Readers sharpening wits with 'modern Socrates'

REFLECTIONS OF A WONDERING JEW. By Morris Raphael Cohen. Trade edition: The Beacon Press. At all booksellers, $2.50.

First readers of the new book of essays by the late Morris Raphael Cohen are finding themselves sharpening their wits with a thinker who was described by *Time* as "a modern Socrates."

Just a year after publication of Morris Cohen's autobiography, *A Dreamer's Journey*, the Beacon Press and the Free Press are issuing *Reflections of a Wondering Jew*. In this new book, Cohen deals with important problems facing his people in today's world. Part 1 deals with "Jews in America"; Part 2, "Jews and the Past"; and Part 3 presents the eminent scholar's penetrating comments on a dozen books by and about Jews, from Freud to Spinoza.

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- ☐ ALBERT SCHWEITZER: LIFE AND MESSAGE. By Magnus Ratter. Honoring the 75th year of the philosopher-theologian-humanitarian-physician. $2.75.

Sorokin's 'Russian Diary' bares Bolshevik secrets

LEAVES FROM A RUSSIAN DIARY —and Thirty Years After. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. Boston: The Beacon Press. At all booksellers, $3.50.

As authoritarian systems of various kinds press in upon the American citizen, this study of naked Bolshevik power is winning wide attention. Its author is the most widely-translated sociologist in the world, and the founder of the Sociology Department at Harvard.

Says *The Washington Post:* "Sorokin's barely outlined concept of the breakdown of the 'sensate' west . . . is reminiscent of Toynbee but deeper and more radical in implication than that historian's theories."

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BY **ANNA PERROTT ROSE**

The Rose family grew because its summer guests refused to leave. Each time a new child bellowed that he wanted to stay forever, Mrs. Rose asked all the others — her own and her foster children — for the verdict. And they always said, "Let him stay — we can handle him!"

For Mr. Rose it meant patient hours of teaching and discipline; for their own children, sharing of parents, fun and love; and for Mrs. Rose, lectures and stories, to buy the extra groceries.

But a home is as elastic as the hearts it holds. The Roses found theirs would always stretch to make room for one more. And so Jane, and Joey, and Jimmy John, sulky, unloved foster children of the state, joined the family.

One child of divorced parents had tried to commit suicide; one boy was crippled by polio; another stunted by starvation, but a sailboat and a bicycle and a roof-dwelling rabbit were part of alchemy that brought the real life happy ending to this story of an expanding family.

One part robust common sense, one part unshakeable sense of humor, and the greatest part an abiding love and trust in children, this is a book after America's own heart.

Room for One More

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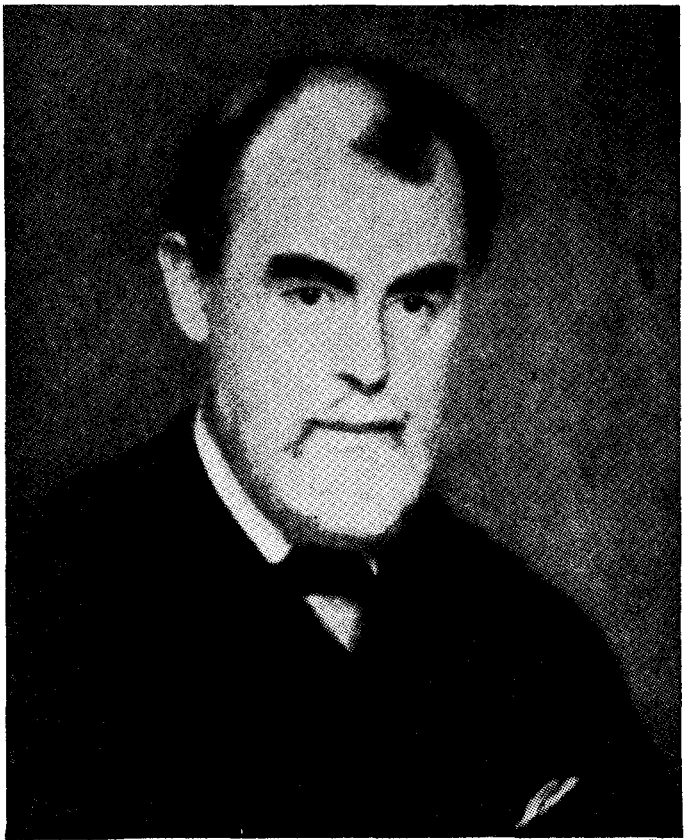
The Saturday Review of Literature

Butler When I Was a Nobody

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



—From the painting by Gogin in the National Portrait Gallery.

Samuel Butler—"a great man as great men go."

AT THE beginning of my career, when I was a nobody reviewing books for the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, now long extinct, I received a book entitled "Luck or Cunning" and on reviewing it at some length was infuriated when some fool of a sub-editor treated the book and its author as of no importance and cut a great chunk out of it. I learned later on that this truncated article of mine seemed almost epoch-making to the author, an old bachelor named Butler living in Clifford's Inn, who, though having won a certain celebrity by a queer Utopia entitled "Erewhon" (Nowhere backwards) was carrying on a metabiological crusade against Darwinism, which was being ignored by the press and the biologists of that day to such an extent that he had to publish his polemics at his own expense, always at a loss, which made marriage an economic impossibility for him.

As I was then under the same disability myself (I was over forty before I could afford to marry) and completely boycotted as a playwright, I was myself a compulsory bachelor and controversialist *contra mundum*. Moreover, as I was one of the select few who had read "Erewhon" and swore by it, I was to that extent in Butler's camp.

Exactly when and how I made his acquaintance I do not remember. He was twenty-one years my senior, and I was married before we met. Among his many oddities, he was a strict monogamist yet by no means a celibate, for he remained faithful to the French lady whom he visited once a fortnight and was wholly innocent of polygamy.

He had never had any literary ambition, though he was a born writer; and this was my own case, for in my boyhood I aspired to be, not a Shakespeare, but successively a pirate, an operatic baritone, and above all a Michelangelo. Butler, too, tried for years to be a painter, just as his fellow student in Heatherly's Art School, Forbes Robertson, aspired to be a Titian or a Velasquez, never to be an actor. To this day I have to impress on would-be authors that the strongest taste for high art does not imply any talent for its practice and that for a born genius it is as tasteless as water is because it is always in our mouths.

When Butler at last gave up the hope that he could ever be anything more in pictorial art than a mediocre painter aiming at correctness of representation instead of self-expression, he took to composing music in the style of Handel, collaborating with his friend and biographer Festing Jones, a musical barrister of genuine talent, who told me that Butler never could manage any tempo more elaborate than two or three crotchets in a bar and that Beethoven was quite beyond him. So this also was a failure, and Butler, though his simple imitations of Handel might also pass as uninspired originals, had to become Festing's librettist and supply him with some screamingly funny oratorio texts.

He hated his father, Canon Butler, who had "beaten Latin grammar into him line by line," but dared not quarrel with him lest he should be disinherited. He despised his mother because she wheedled confessions from him and then betrayed him to his father and got him another whipping. He set no store by his sisters because they stood by their father and did not consider that Sam got more than he deserved. Canon Butler was a genial old gaffer out of doors but at home was tyrant, judge, jury, and executioner all in one. A hydrogen bomb could not have blasted his reputation more devastatingly after his death than his dutiful son did with his novel called "The Way of All Flesh." Yet Sam was himself a chip off the old block in controversy. He probably never heard of the priceless precept of Robert Owen, "Never argue: repeat your assertion." Sam certainly repeated his assertions, but he argued endlessly and always treated his opponents as moral delinquents as well as damned fools.

Now all these traits do not suggest a Great Man nor even an agreeable one, much less the likable and considerate friend my wife and I always found him. Yet Sam was a great man as great men go. Mr. G. D. H. Cole

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has recently argued that as "The Way of All Flesh" is a great novel its author must have been a great man. But some of his readers think it proves that he was a little man. He himself put the secret of his greatness into a single sentence of six words, which he addressed to me as we were crossing the courtyard of the British Museum together. He said, with the most intense emphasis, "Darwin banished mind from the universe." He added, "My grandfather quarreled with Darwin's grandfather; my father quarreled with Darwin's father; I quarreled with Darwin, and my regret for having no son is that he cannot quarrel with Darwin's son."

As a matter of fact, Darwin had converted Butler for six weeks, because in those days we clever people who called ourselves Secularists, Freethinkers, Agnostics, Atheists, Positivists, Rationalists, or what not, and were classed by the orthodox as Infidels doomed to eternal damnation, were Anti-Clericals snatching at any stick big enough to whack the parsons; and as the biggest stick then was the Natural Selection of Darwin and Wallace, carried to absurdity by Weismann, we all, Butler included, grabbed it and laid on joyously. Butler alone thought it out deeply and quickly enough to grasp the horror of its banishment of mind from the universe. The ensuing controversies only obscured this fundamental issue. They did not affect me because I had read the Patmos Evangelist's "In the Beginning was the Thought" and come up against the new-Darwinist shallowness as flatly as Mazzini, of whom I had never read a word. In my preface to "Man and Superman" I dealt with it, and have neither space nor need to expatiate on it again here. (Darwin, by the way, was no more a Darwinist than I am a Shavian.)

Butler should be considered in the roll of fame neither as novelist nor biologist but as metabiologist, just as we class Hegel not as physician but as metaphysician. This is perhaps because I call myself a metabiologist and was the first, so far as I know, to bring that necessary term into the vocabulary.

I must warn present-day readers of "The Way of All Flesh" that Butler's guess that the author of the Odyssey was a woman is not an Erewhonian joke, and that it is impossible to read it again without being at least half convinced that he was as right as Dickens was about George Eliot.

George Bernard Shaw, who is going on ninety-four, wrote this essay to serve as the foreword to the English edition of "The Essential Samuel Butler," edited by G. D. H. Cole.

A Little Knowledge of Joyce

MARY M. COLUM

OLIVER GOGARTY, whose article "They Think They Know Joyce" recently appeared in these pages [*SRL* Mar. 18], was for a couple of student years in Dublin acquainted with James Joyce in the flesh. But as he left Ireland for the Continent when he was twenty-two, and as Oliver Gogarty saw him only once afterwards on one of his temporary visits to Dublin, he had no means of knowing the mature Joyce. Not only was the man who wrote "Ulysses," "Finnegans Wake," and "Portrait of the Artist," unknown to him, but he had at no time any conception of the creator who was James Joyce. The man Oliver Gogarty did know was the youthful author of a book of poems, "Chamber Music," and something of the man who wrote "Dubliners." On the assumption on the part of his readers that Oliver Gogarty knew far more than this, he has succeeded in placing all over the country in strategic positions attacks and misinformations about Joyce, his family, his friends, his readers, and his work. Whereas some of the misinformation in "They Think They Know Joyce"—such as the reference to Mrs. Carola Gideon Welcker as Mr. Giedion-Welcker and the turning of the verb in Joyce's well-known line about himself "Steeled in the school of old Aquinas" into the inept "trained"—may be of no particular consequence, yet these inaccuracies indicate the confusion and misinformation that permeate the article. It is true, of course, as Oliver Gogarty says, that floods of nonsense have been poured out about James Joyce, but the greatest compiler of nonsense has been Oliver Gogarty himself. I shall take this opportunity of correcting some of it.

In his article Oliver Gogarty undertakes to explain what caused Joyce to produce "Ulysses," attributing it all to Joyce's frustration over the canceled publication of "Dubliners." This he places on a Dublin firm, Messrs. Maunsell; but the publisher who originally refused publication after giving a contract was Grant Richards, who, after years of postponement from 1906 on finally published the book in 1914. The printers had objected to the contents of "Dubliners" and refused to set it up; they objected to whole stories, to passages in others, and to the use of the word "bloody." It was a genteel age and printers were very refined. When the Egoist Press in London wanted to publish "Portrait of the Artist" different firms of printers went on the same sort of rampage, either demanding deletions or point-blank refusing to set up the book.

Oliver Gogarty's account of the dispute with the Dublin publisher Maunsell is also very twisted. Maunsell's

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manager, he says, "claimed that 'Dubliners' contained an offensive reference to the King, which was unlikely, seeing that Joyce received a grant from the King's Privy Purse long before he established a place for himself in literature." First of all, the reference to King Edward as well as to his mother, Queen Victoria, is in "Dubliners" in a well-known story called "Ivy Day in the Committee Room." The reason Maunsells gave for not bringing out the book after having set it up was that they had received legal advice that they would run the risk of action for libel on account of real names being used. Here again the printers enter into the picture: they took it on themselves to destroy the plates. And, of course, Joyce did not receive a grant from the King's Privy Purse "long before he established a place for himself in literature," as Oliver Gogarty maintains: he received the grant of a hundred pounds when he was living in Switzerland as a refugee during the First World War through the good offices of W. B. Yeats, George Moore, Ezra Pound, and others. Joyce was a well-known personage when the grant was made to him; he had published "Chamber Music" and "Dubliners"; "Portrait of the Artist" was appearing in the magazine *The Egoist*; both the "Portrait" and "Dubliners" were published in New York in 1916. Ireland, it should be remarked, was then part of the United Kingdom and had a fiscal unity with Britain so that the King's Privy Purse was common to both countries.

Out of his frustration over the

non-publication of "Dubliners" James Joyce, so Oliver Gogarty informs us, took up Rimbaud in a serious way. "Rimbaud's revolution against established canons made him a god to Joyce." There is some Rimbaud influence in Joyce but not nearly as much as there is of other French writers — Flaubert in "Dubliners," Mallarmé in "Finnegans Wake," and, in general, the influence of the Polish-French critic and editor Wyzewa. Oliver Gogarty seems to have no knowledge of Rimbaud at all: Rimbaud did not withdraw from the world; he became an adventurer and trader in Africa, a gun-runner in Abyssinia, and lived, as he always had a hectic and wandering life until he died of cancer of the bone at the age of thirty-seven. He did give up writing poetry, as everyone knows, but if he had lived beyond his thirty-seven years he might have come back to it when he returned to settle down in France with the money he had carefully saved in Africa. As for the photograph of Joyce "dressed to resemble Arthur Rimbaud," which Oliver Gogarty is in the habit of mentioning in his attacks on Joyce, there is no existing photograph of Rimbaud that resembles any photograph of Joyce. Moreover, Rimbaud, before he left to become a trader in Africa, had been for years a tramp in various European countries and his sartorial get-up was anything he could lay hands on.

ABOUT the lady who subsidized Joyce, Oliver Gogarty has made various curious statements: in the *SRL* article he refers to her as "Miss Wearing" and puts her down as an American. She is neither "Miss Wearing" nor an American; she is the well-known Miss Harriet Weaver of the Egoist Press in London. And as for the suggestion that Gertrude Stein imitated "Ulysses," this is sheer nonsense; her writing comes out of a different conception altogether. Gertrude Stein not only did not imitate "Ulysses" but she did not care about Joyce's work; in fact, her opinion of it was not so remote from Oliver Gogarty's own. Joyce's work was distinctively Irish: the remolding of language which he practises in "Finnegans Wake" has its correspondences with the designs in the "Book of Kells," reproductions of whose pages Joyce had always before him. A comment on the "Book of Kells" by the French critic Foçillon could apply to "Finnegans Wake": "A transitory but endlessly renewed meditation on a chaotic universe that deep within itself clasps and conceals the debris or the seeds of humankind."

The trouble with the author of "They Think They Know Joyce" is that he seems to have read nothing of Joyce except "Chamber Music." He confuses "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake"; he has no sense of the structure of "Ulysses" nor of the design of

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

HANDS ACROSS THE BOOK SHELF

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., asks you to identify the following literary figures who were conspicuous because of their hands. Allowing five points for each character named, and another five for either the story or author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 37.

1. Haunted by the crimes she had aided and abetted, this woman would go through the motions of washing her hands for as long as a quarter of an hour at a time.
2. In an unsuccessful attempt to rescue his mad wife from their burning home, his hand was so badly injured that it had to be amputated.
3. The hands of this malicious sneak were so clammy that he often wiped them stealthily on his pocket handkerchief.
4. As this stonecutter lay dying from cancer, nothing of him appeared alive but his huge, powerful, shapely hands.
5. Ignoring the protests of their friends, these creatures with blue hands went to sea in a sieve and stayed for twenty years.
6. When this famous character was an infant in his cradle he strangled two serpents with his bare hands.
7. Her calloused and blistered hands spoiled the little act this Southern belle staged for a prisoner in a Yankee jail when she tried to give him the impression that she was living like a lady.
8. Having ruined his hands by becoming a noted prize fighter, he knew he could never return to a promising career as a violinist.
9. This old sailor's skinny hand was ineffective in holding the attention of a tardy wedding guest.
10. With his straightforwardness this homeless boy won the confidence of a lumber camp boss who gave him a responsible position in spite of the fact that he had only one hand.

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"Finnegans Wake." Some of the most beautiful and moving writing in modern literature is in these works.

There is, of course, no reason why any reader should not acknowledge it if these books do not appeal to him. They are difficult. But it is possible for most intelligent readers to understand much of what they are about. This is more true of "Ulysses" than it is of "Finnegans Wake." "Ulysses" in the main is written in a straightforward style. Doubtless it needs some preliminary explanation for those who are familiar only with the older classics, and it is that comparatively new thing in literature, a book influenced not so much by previous literary works as it is by modern psychology, philosophy, and conceptions of history.

AN accomplished critic could make many adverse comments but he could never belittle it. It has a wonderful virtuosity and, informing it all, what Yeats spoke of as "its lonely intensity." Joyce gives each personage his or her own characteristic language: not only have the personages their own utterance, but everything that environs them is in their idiom. There is the superb barroom scene in the language of bar-frequenters, there is the scene in the National Library written in the language of intellectuals, there is the opening chapter in which the characters are so memorably projected, and where there is the heartbreaking account of the death of Stephen Daedalus's mother, with Stephen singing to her verses of Yeats as she lay dying. No, no one can belittle "Ulysses."

As for the tapeworm quotation that Oliver Gogarty reproduces from Dr. C. G. Jung, I am under the disadvantage that my intellect cannot perceive what the connection is. However, without taking too seriously the excursions into literary criticism of Dr. Jung or any other doctor, I should like to say that there is in the New York Public Library a copy of a very complimentary letter by Dr. Jung to Joyce about "Ulysses," in which he speaks about its wonderful psychological effects, particularly those in Mrs. Bloom's monologue: "I think the devil's grandmother knows as much about the psychology of a woman; I don't. It is a string of psychological peaches." Very Teutonic English but the meaning is clear. There are other statements in Oliver Gogarty's article that could be traversed but I think enough has been said to show how misleading the article is.

Mary M. Colum, Irish-born critic, knew James Joyce. Her books include "From These Roots" and "Life and the Dream."

NEW EDITIONS

THE OXFORD University Press gives us two excellent specimens of its always sound workmanship in "The Poems of Thomas Carew" ($5) and "The Poems of Coventry Patmore" ($3). The first of these, including the "Coelum Britannicum" masque, edited with an introduction and notes by Rhodes Dunlap, is one of the "Oxford English Texts," which bear the Clarendon imprint, while the second, prepared by Frederick Page, belongs to the "Oxford Editions of Standard Authors." This means that the Carew volume carries a heavy weight of scholarly metal that is not to be found in the Patmore, but the latter, no less than the former, is a scrupulously edited text.

The student of Carew will find that Mr. Dunlap can tell him almost everything that he can ever hope to know about his author's life, death, writings, sources, influences, manuscripts, and variants; but the ordinary reader will doubtless be content to nibble at these facts—including the editor's estimate of Carew's debt to Giambattista Marino—while enjoying faithful versions of such famous lyrics as "Hee that loves a Rosie cheeke" and "Give me more love, or more disdains" and the even more famous "A Rapture," which is probably the greatest of English poems devoted to coition. Love, of course, was Carew's favorite subject: love as conceived by the cavalier lyrists—a gallant game in which the prize was physical enjoyment. Patmore, too, was a poet of love, but of a very different kind. To the Caroline poet love was free of mystery: "No curtains there, though of transparent lawne." But to the Victorian poet it was the supreme mystery. Writing of him, Alice Meynell could declare with justice: "Love was to him theology, and the key to the parable of life." He expounded this theology and elaborated this parable on two levels of intensity, in two poetic sequences—"The Angel in the House" and "To the Unknown Eros"—and in other related poems. Many readers have responded to the fire and eloquence of the "Eros" odes, while finding more food for laughter than for admiration in what they have thought to be the trivial domestic details of "The Angel." Those who have done this have perhaps proved themselves capable of appreciating beauty only when it is combined with obvious power. The beauty of "The Angel" is not continuous and the power is not clamant but both are present in sufficient quantity to sustain and animate the work as a whole. Patmore was a fine though not a great poet and one who was blessed with a remarkably sure ear. Mr. Page describes him as "a son of Wordsworth, a cousin of Herrick, and (in his wit and satire) a half-brother of Pope." These relationships are well enough if not pressed too hard, but what about the poet's own "son," Francis Thompson, who scaled heights and traveled far on paths to which the "Eros" odes had brilliantly lighted the way? Mr. Page might, I think, have spent a moment or two on Patmore's influential achievement. It was no mean one.

Turning from poetry to fiction, I can report that Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale" (Modern Library, $1.25) is still as amusing as it was when first published twenty years ago. The new introduction denies that Hardy was the model for Driffield and affirms the approximate identity of Hugh Walpole and the pushful Alroy Kear. Rosie, of course, is the darling of the tale, which but for her is mostly acid cleverness. No less clever, in its own callous manner, and more engrossing, is Vladimir Nabokov's ingenious "Laughter in the Dark" (Signet, 25¢), the reality of which, to borrow one of its author's lines, is "cruel, supple, and strong like some anaconda." It is a tale with coils that grip, once one begins to read. Another Signet Book is "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," by Ludwig Bemelmans, one of my favorite authors—but not in this fantastic yarn. It has apparently amused its many thousands but I find Mr. Bemelmans far more entertaining when his fecund, facile imagination is maneuvering above a firm base of personal experience. "Maurois Reader" (Didier, $4.50), which contains three novels and eleven shorter pieces by André Maurois, proves that "Bernard Quesnay" is a far more substantial job of work than the famous "Colonel Bramble" and that most of Maurois' short stories are trifles. Still another Signet: O'Hara's first and best, "Appointment in Samara."

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Fiction. *Nearly all the novels reviewed this week are worth owning. The indefatigable Upton Sinclair writes about a modern girl, a descendant of Samuel Richardson's famous heroine who keeps on saying "No" to a wealthy suitor until in despair he marries her. Twentieth-century readers of "Another Pamela" will find more laughter than tears in this sparkling and humorous story. In "The Plymouth Adventure" Ernest Gébler gives an honest and fascinating account of the men and women who sailed on the* Mayflower *and brought the idea of freedom to this continent. In "The Bizarre Sisters" Jay and Audrey Walz tell of an old Virginia family afflicted with all the sins in the Decalogue. Myles Connolly's "The Bump on Brannigan's Head" is an amusing satire about a barroom Irishman turned into saint. A talented English writer, A. L. Barker writes of the dual nature of a run-of-the-mine middle-aged man in "Apology for a Hero."*

Through John Alden's Eyes

THE PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE. By Ernest Gébler. New York: Doubleday & Co. 377 pp. $3.

By Edward Stanley

IN THIS Year of Suspicion, when we assay a man's loyalty by trying him in secret, concealing both the accuser and the accusation, in such a year Ernest Gébler's clear, sympathetic, lifting story of the first Americans to risk their lives for freedom of opinion will refresh and nourish all who believe in that American ideal and mean to have it for themselves. It is a fine book—admirable, authentic within its terms, and fascinating reading to the Americans nursed on a cambric-tea account of the *Mayflower*. It deserves a place among books which have something to say and in that sense is contemporary.

What Mr. Gébler has done in "The Plymouth Adventure" is to rescue the brave companions who sailed in the *Mayflower* from the debilitating banalities in which they have lived in the American mind these many generations. It is curious that none of this company which first set out the seed of freedom in this country has ever gained heroic stature for us, not even as a group. Two have existed in a legendary courtship, which made both seem weak and foolish men, and with this Mr. Gébler has no truck. The rest have seemed a sour, two-dimensional lot, inextricably confused with Puritanism, fodder for the locusts who swarm in the genealogy rooms. These are the people for whom Mr. Gébler finds both flesh and credibility.

To be sure, there are in this book no flashing garters, no minx, no nut-brown maidens, no great rogues (though there is a rascal), and no jolly times. They are never missed and it is a better book without them. And while he has been inventive and imaginative, yet he has also stuck strictly to the chronology of the voyage. There is no moment when you feel the author has contrived an incident for effect.

Mr. Gébler begins his story as the *Mayflower* lies in harbor at Southampton, its passengers cheated much as modern refugees have been cheated, and at length sacrificing needed provisions to pay the harbor fee and clear the port. There is in all this desperation an uncomfortably familiar note, an echo much too close at hand. Here Mr. Gébler gives us his principal character, John Alden, but not the John Alden of the simples. This is a competent young carpenter, not a religious man, not one of the company, and it is through his eyes that we see this adventure. And the point is made, quietly and without too great emphasis, that the people on the *Mayflower* did not insist on freedom only for themselves. They could and did accommodate a variety of religious belief without discomfort. Miles Standish is Catholic in Mr. Gébler's chronicle and, although this is reasonably substantiated, it has never had notice. Surely it is a fine thing for Catholic Americans to have a part of what has been presented as an exclusively Protestant adventure.

Quietly, gently, Mr. Gébler develops his chronicle, breathing life into his people, giving them personality and direction. There is hardship and there are perils, there is a scheming plot of the gravest consequence to the passengers, and there are two tender love stories. But as he accomplishes all this with skill, he finds the opportunity for them to say—and this without preaching—why they are em-

THE AUTHOR: Ernest Gébler, a thirty-five-year-old Dubliner, who reveals he is "5'11", 11 stone, 7 lbs., and of rosy mud complexion," has never been to America, a factor which did nothing to blur his seeing the *Mayflower* passengers as simply "the ordinary, everyday men and women whose courage began America," instead of cliché-cloyed "Puritans, Pilgrim Fathers, and Religious Dissenters." "The Plymouth Adventure," his second novel (following "He Had My Heart Scalded," banned in Ireland), took seed when Gébler chanced upon "Mourt's Relation," a journal written by the first settlers in Massachusetts. For five years thereafter he combed the British Museum for original papers of all sorts. He learned at the Greenwich Naval Museum how to navigate a seventeenth-century ship, and an antique gun collector let him fire a 1600 matchlock. Thus authenticated, his book was snapped up by Doubleday, the Literary Guild, and M-G-M, who he hopes will pioneer it into a full-length historical documentary. *The Evening Mail* in Dublin first published Gébler with a short story, "Felony," for "an honorarium of 7/6, or, roughly, $1.50—pre-devaluation." Subsequent fiction and articles have appeared in Irish and English literary and humorous magazines, and he has, besides, three plays to his dramatic, if not exchequer, credit: "The Painted Woman" and "The Spaniard in Galway," unproduced, and "She Sits Smiling," a radio broadcast. All of which have been achieved with a scant six months' formal education in some two dozen schools in Erin, England, and Germany. "My mother," he says, "attributed my not going to university to my father's drinking too much. He was unhappy. A musician. Very frustrated. A Czech. *She* never drank. A pity. An Irish woman." Soon as he's through with Punch and Judy as a theme for an Edwardian novel he'd like to write a Western with Dostoievskian characters—to see what would happen.—R. G.

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barked on this adventure, for none of them in the ordinary sense was an adventurer:

> Oh, I do not cast blame, in that you do not understand your shipful of simple people; why, simple people are the hardest thing in the world to understand—they mean what they say [the *Mayflower*'s captain is told]. But surely you should be blamed for being afraid to understand or see their hearts; until you do you will never know why men thrust hardship, suffering, exile, and wilderness upon themselves for the sake of an idea. An idea—a thing no man can weigh, measure, hold in his hand, be rich by or own individually—the idea that they must trust to the evidence of their own senses, and not be forced to believe or think what men above them in authority and power demand, men to whom they themselves never gave that authority or power.

Throughout his story Mr. Gébler maintains a high level of writing, lean and economical for such a book, and there is no lagging in his pace. Many readers will find pleasure in the brief appendix which he has included, for it seems almost a part of the chronicle, and perhaps be encouraged to read the sources.

Mr. Gébler has not pretended to advise us how to relax our minds, our souls, nor how to repent or repay past errors in ideology. He does not tell us how to be saved. But he does tell us in this honest and straightforward book how a tiny company of people who alone in the world at that time were determined to be free went about it. There were only 102 of them, men, women, and children, who sailed from England on the Sea of Darkness. Half of them died. That left but fifty-two in all the world to tend the spark which grew to be so great a star.

This year we are taking our census. How many have we become? How many men among us are men like William Bradford? More than one might suppose, no doubt, for no man ever came to these shores or was born in this land whose life was not touched by "The Plymouth Adventure."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 839)

ROBINSON:
THE MAN AGAINST THE SKY

(*Hillcrest*, 1916—*To Mrs. Edward McDowell*)

Between the sunlight and the shade
A man may learn till he forgets
The roaring of a world remade . . .
He may by contemplation learn
A little more than what he knew
And even see great oaks return
To acorns out of which they grew.

Temptations of a Poor Country Maid

ANOTHER PAMELA. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Viking Press. 314 *pp.* $3.

BY ROBERT HALSBAND

MY DEAR Mr. Richardson—

I *must* write to you about a book which I am sure will interest you. Because it is called "Another Pamela or, Virtue Still Rewarded." It is about the great-great-great-granddaughter of *your* Pamela Andrews, whose virtuous struggles, which you related in 1740, won for her the rich Mr. B—as well as tears from every pair of tender eyes in Europe. You are probably not familiar with the author of Pamela II, Mr. Upton Sinclair. He has been called a social pamphleteer, and that is so because his novels deal with important social and economic problems; he has even advocated Socialism. Starting at a very early age, he has remained energetic and prolific. (The typewriter writes faster than pen and ink.)

Superficially, the second Pamela greatly resembles the first, telling her adventures through letters to her family. She is a poor country maiden and works on the California estate of the wealthy Mrs. Harries, a stubborn do-gooder who embraces every cause that comes her way. One of the lady's favorite schemes is that the Government should eliminate poverty by issuing an unlimited amount of paper money. (I wonder what Mr. Sinclair has in mind!) Her nephew Charles, a streamlined Mr. B—, is a Hollywood playboy, handsome, clever, cynical, and addicted to hard liquor and easy women. Against him Pamela fights a mighty battle (for two years) to guard her virtue and to gain its assaulter. Your heroine was accused of being a hypocritical minx whose piety converted her virtue into a valuable commodity. Remember how dismayed you were when Henry Fielding called your Pamela a *Shamela*! Well, Mr. Sinclair's girl is a Seventh-Day Adventist and takes her religion *really* seriously, but she is not the least bit stuffy about it. She even makes it funny, and the climax of the story, when she brings Charles to his knees—*literally*—is vastly humorous and touching.

Mr. Sinclair is far too clever and serious to write a mere imitation. While your heroine accepted her environment (with its standards), Pamela II scrutinizes it with her penetrating innocence. In her letters she grows in experience and wisdom, becoming a she-Gulliver traveling through the fantastic civilization of

—*From the book jacket.*

the 1920's. She often shows a Socialist point of view—which is not surprising, considering her creator. When she reads a magazine article defending the idle rich because their money makes work, she thinks hard:

> I try to figure it out and I can see that Mrs. Harries's money paid the man who sold the chocolates, and may pay the man who will make some more; but it seems to me it is a question of who is to eat the chocolates when they are made. Mrs. Harries eats too many, and I am sure that has never been the case with the dear washerman whom I love.

That is how Mr. Sinclair sugarcoats his *serious* ideas.

Even in your own leisurely century some readers complained that your story was too slow; today your "pen of an angel" seems much too prolix. But Mr. Sinclair's story is swift and merry, and where your Pamela was occasionally pert, his is always so. If only he would continue in your path and write a sequel! (But not in *nine* volumes, as he did with Lanny Budd.) You called yours "Pamela in Her Exalted Condition," though it was inferior. His would not be, I am sure.

You once remarked that you published your story to "cultivate the Principles of Virtue and Religion," and, strangely enough, Mr. Sinclair seems to have the same mission. That *is* strange today, when so few writers try to cultivate anything except their own gardens and when virtue itself is only something about which scientists with statistical minds write books and draw graphs. You need not fear that "Another Pamela" will make people forget *your* book; both deserve to stand together. Every century needs its Pamelas, for (as you know) virtue is a quality that needs to be rewarded in *all* times.

I rest *your ever-dutiful reviewer*,
R. H.

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Two Natures of Man

APOLOGY FOR A HERO. By A. L. Barker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 263 pp. $2.75.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

AFTER twenty years in a London office, Charles Candy received an inheritance that enabled him to gratify his tastes for travel and leisure. The story finds him in Italy, where he has made the unhappy discovery that a foreign scene does not transform him into the man of his daydreams. Those daydreams pictured him as "a man of such stature that he required a broad and lusty freedom to mature." Actually, with the candor of middle age, he sees himself as an earnest and lamentable young man. He was younger, though not more youthful, than his years.

But one thing travel did accomplish for him: in Florence he met Wynne Delaat, "small, clear, and sufficient," and she became his wife. With Wynne he returned to England. They made a leisurely tour of Cornwall, seeking a house that would answer to their desires. At last they found it, "Concleave," on a shelf of flowers above the steep and windy coast. There the Candys, oblivious to the events of the late 1930's, settled into an uneventful life.

But when Wynne's sister appeared events began. Perry was a gypsy type, restless, rebellious, loving a gamble of any kind. She had a liking for farmers and fishermen and a habit of striding off alone in dark and windy weather. Charles Candy instinctively disliked and distrusted her—and just as instinctively he felt the pull, like an undertow, of her wilful and heedless ways.

This novel, then, reveals the two natures of man—the settled and secure nature disturbed by the wilful and wayward one. That surely is a serious theme, which seems to deserve a sympathetic treatment. But Miss Barker has treated Charles Candy (even to naming him) with a faint derision. Our first glimpse of him is in Florence, in the Duomo: "On the other side of the great doors he dropped his hat and groped for it, feeling foolish." At the end, no longer running for help as he had done in other crises but courageously boarding a dinghy in a storm-torn sea—"he was shelled from the longboat into the water as neatly as the last pea from a pod." All the way through Charles Candy's story the writer seems unwilling to accept him on his own terms. So, despite a freshness of discernment that marks the first fifty pages especially of the novel, a reader is not likely to be much concerned about this little man and his small dilemmas.

A. L. Barker—some "small dilemmas."

—Frank Grummons.

Myles Connolly—a "Great Transformation."

Miss Barker is a young English writer whose recent collection of short stories, "Innocents," indicated a fresh and significant talent. This novel does not show a mastery of the larger form. Perhaps the author is yet too young to tell this story of middle age with its assertions and surrenders. Her people and their problems do not seem as real as the weather and the Cornish coast. There is an undeniable mist on the meadows and a restless surging along the shore. The sea lane leads past harebells and heather, and below the naked cliffs the tide ransacks the rocks. Miss Barker makes these things seem more important than Charles Candy and the two sisters who are made to represent his dual nature.

Ulcers and Good Works

THE BUMP ON BRANNIGAN'S HEAD. By Myles Connolly. New York: The Macmillan Co. 157 pp. $2.50.

By VALENTINE DAVIES

IN THIS present-day parable Myles Connolly offers a fresh, engaging variant on a familiar theme. Tom Brannigan, a likable, aging, hot-tempered Irishman with a weakness for barrooms and a chronic case of ulcers, lives in comfortable obscurity in his mundane home in the mundane city of Whittiersville.

Then he gets the bump on the head. Exactly what hit him is shrouded in controversy. The consensus seems to be that he came home from Casey's bar in a fairly unstable condition and that it was his own garage door which laid him low. Whatever it was, it had an electrifying effect on him. Still smarting under the skeptical comments of his chemist son, who moved out of the Brannigan household rather than continue the perpetual argument over his refusal to go to church, old Tom decides to prove that the teachings of the Gospel are not only right but fairly practical as a way of life.

Old Tom is not one to take half-measures. He starts right off by assaulting his worst enemies with acts of loving-kindness. The results are astonishing. His sudden eccentric sweetness produces a sort of shock therapy upon his startled targets. Mrs. Gordon, his next-door neighbor, is suddenly cured of deafness and a young Negro dancer's arthritis miraculously vanishes so that she is able to resume her career.

A local newspaper gets hold of the story and the next morning a bewildered Brannigan wakes up to find his home surrounded by pilgrims who have come to worship at the shrine of St. Thomas of Whittiersville. Thus begins the Great Transformation.

What makes Mr. Connolly's story amusing and refreshing is the fact that through all his spectacular rise to fame and "sainthood" old Tom Brannigan's character changes not one whit. He is still plagued by his ulcers and his temper.

Mr. Connolly has told the early part of the story with dry, unassuming humor and a live sense of the satirical. While Tom's career is in the ascent the story sparkles brightly. If, in the ending, Mr. Connolly gets caught up in the pathos of his own story and the denouement seems obvious and heavy-handed, this reviewer failed to notice it. Perhaps he, too, received a bump on the head!

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Randolph Scandal

THE BIZARRE SISTERS. By Jay and Audrey Walz. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 371 pp. $3.50.

By Bradford Smith

HERE'S something new—a historical novel which sticks to history and intrudes no fictional, swashbuckling hero and stay-bursting heroine. The stays that burst in this book are real ones. Jay and Audrey Walz, digging through old letters and court records, have found a story about real people which needs no fictionalizing—the kind of story which leads to the hackneyed remark that truth is stranger than fiction.

The truth about the Randolphs of Bizarre (the actual name of their plantation) in Virginia is such that it is lucky for the authors that this branch of a famous and accomplished family has become extinct. For the story they have to tell is one of adultery, poisoning, mental cruelty, insanity, impotence, and long-nourished hatreds which if it were pure fiction would seem as preposterous as a Gothic novel.

Of the Randolphs immediately involved only John of Roanoke is remembered today. But several other great Americans play important parts, including John Marshall and Patrick Henry, in the trial for infanticide around which the drama of the book

is built — a trial implicating the younger sister and the husband of Judith Randolph in a scandal which had far-reaching consequences. Judith's cruelty to her sister, the disintegration of the family, and the final stroke which makes Ann mistress of a wealthy home provide matter aplenty for the remainder of the book.

Though the Walzes may not have intended it, the brilliant weakling John Randolph is their best realized character. Judith lacks the demoniac grandeur that should go with her Borgian plotting. Ann is not presented with sufficient insight to attract the loyalty of the reader before her troubles fall on her. Therefore the emotional gap between reader and heroine is never successfully bridged, and this is the chief fault of the novel.

Having discovered a fascinating story, the Walzes had the choice of treating it as fact or fiction. They chose to treat it as fiction—that is, to invent dialogue, see into personality, ascribe emotions and motives, and imagine scenes and actions. Because their grasp of the materials is impressive, a doubt remains whether they could not have done an even more interesting job if they had written their story straight—as a family biography, even letting us behind the scenes to share their excitement in tracking down and piecing together the evidence.

Well, perhaps this was a book they had to write. It's a fascinating story as it stands because of the facts on which it stands. Now if the Walzes would give us the true story of their labors, reprinting sources, unraveling the story for the reader as they had to unravel it, making him a sort of Dr. Watson to their sleuthing, I think they would have a book of even greater interest. "The Bizarre Sisters" is not outstanding as a novel, for a novel must create an imagined world more real than reality. But because of its amazing story, its skilful reconstruction of a little-known drama of the American past, it is a highly interesting book.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 358

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 358 will be found in the next issue.

Z YXAB ACBWVXDXAT XA

VKB EXMAV ZVVMXGNVB

PE Z FPPH DMXVXD. S. M.

OPYBOO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 357

Gentility without ability is worse than plain beggary.

—Ray-English Proverbs.

South Seas M.D.

KING-DOCTOR OF ULITHI. By Marshall Paul Wees, M.D., and Francis Beauchesne Thornton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 128 pp. $2.50.

THE KING OF FASSARAI. By David Divine. New York: The Macmillan Co. 296 pp. $3.

By Edmund Fuller

A LEGEND appears to have sprung up in the Pacific theatre of the war about the person of Dr. Marshall Paul Wees and his mission on the island of Fassarai, Ulithi Atoll, formerly part of the Japanese Mandate. Out of it have come two books, one of them a straight, factual account by Dr. Wees and a collaborator, the other recast as fiction. They have, one of them in particular, the inherent interest of their subject, but over and beyond this the two, set side by side, make a singularly interesting literary study.

Dr. Wees, being himself The Man, should get the first hearing. He is not a literary fellow and so, though he had preserved notes, records, diaries, he had done nothing about telling his story until, after the war, he met Father Thornton. The priest, convalescing under Dr. Wees's care, undertook the writing task. The result is a brief book, unpretentious, largely proof against any temptations to get coy or gooey with the material, sincere, and now and then profound. It is the "plain, unvarnished tale" *par excellence.*

Dr. Wees was sent by the U. S. Navy to cope with a terrible scourge of yaws with which the people of Ulithi were afflicted. He explains: "Yaws were syphilis in its old age." The spirochete, generations removed from its original forms of attack, produced a suppurating disease of skin and bone, contagious through contact and filth.

With a minimum of medical supplies and no assistance but the aid of a pharmacists' mate, Dr. Wees accomplished his mission and eliminated yaws. In the process he came to perceive the qualities of a splendid and dignified Christian people. If their life had known only primitive sanitation, it knew some highly civilized virtues. He ministered to their bodies, found himself drawn ever more deeply into their communal life, and as a crowning achievement, built for this deeply religious people a new church. Just before he was transferred, in a scene related with eloquence and sensitivity, King Ueg of Fassarai and his assembled people declared Dr.

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Wees to be their King. This minor miracle was wrought under the noses of an indifferent high brass, and frictions and frustrations from petty authority.

The portrait drawn by Dr. Wees and Father Thornton of the ethical life and inherent chastity of these people is a relief from the familiar Malinowski-Mead patterns. From the old Polynesian mores there had come about what Dr. Wees saw as a genuine reorientation: ". . . to the Ulithians the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit. And sex itself is an expression of the creative power of God. As such it must never be indulged in any way that might stain or coarsen that concept . . . infidelity is virtually unknown. . . In everything they do the physical and the spiritual are bound up one with the other."

Mr. Divine's "The King of Fassarai," hitherto abbreviated in the *Satevepost*, stands unhappily as a prime example of what not to do in working fictionally directly from the living model. There are those who deprecate such enterprises under any circumstance. I am not one such, believing that fine fiction can be wrought by this means. "The Wooden Horse," now current, is in part an instance, and there are many others.

But, first of all, "The King of Fassarai" is a weak novel unto itself. To juxtapose it to the simple eloquence of the Wees-Thornton chronicle becomes a disaster. More than half of it is a complicated, confusing preparation that was not necessary and that does not budge dramatically. The most interesting aspect of this story, the quality of these people, he chooses to ignore, misguidedly preferring to cast them in the traditional South Sea mold for the sake of a little meretricious near-sexual by-play. He assumes, evidently, that the *morality* of these people would not be "interesting." In substance he patronizes them with something of the "colonial" psychology.

His "Dr. Reis" seldom lives and never does so largely. There cannot possibly be the true drama of this man's relationship to these people for Mr. Divine has reduced the doctor and demeaned the people. The real, polio-crippled King Ueg is a man of stature. The fictional Olimarao is an old scarecrow. The scene of the profferred kinghood, so moving in the actual account, becomes a near travesty in the weak, novelized version. It could not be otherwise, for again Mr. Divine has hacked away the only foundations upon which it could be built. In his closing chapters he clutches belatedly for some of these sacrificed values—like a death-bed

(*Continued on page* 32)

U.S.A. *With l'affaire McCarthy erupting violently in Washington, even more Americans than usual are indulging in a favorite national pastime—a round cursing of politicians in high office, especially Congress. Four books reviewed below were written when the name McCarthy in common parlance still meant a dummy on a ventriloquist's knee. Yet each in its own way probes the conditions which produce a McCarthian spectacle and proffers advice which, if read, marked, and inwardly digested, would make its repetition less likely. Herbert Agar's "The Price of Union" analyzes the party basis of American politics, pointing out some danger signals. Louise M. Young's "Understanding Politics" and Binkley's and Moos's "Grammar of American Politics" undertake to make their subject comprehensible to the ordinary citizen. Gabriel A. Almond's "The American People and Foreign Policy" treats the most vital political problem of our time.*

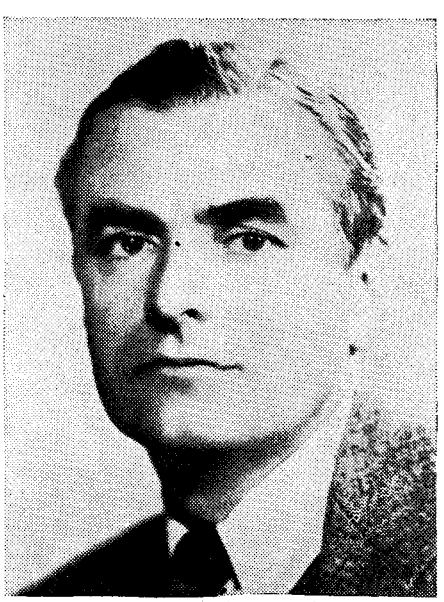
Strange Character of "Ins" & "Outs"

THE PRICE OF UNION. By Herbert Agar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 730 pp. $5.

By John D. Hicks

"THE world will never be safe for democracy," said Chesterton; "it is a dangerous trade." Truer words were never spoken. How then has the United States, a democracy after a fashion, managed to survive? And when one remembers that the United States is also a federal union with the powers of government divided somewhat whimsically between nation and states, the query becomes all the more pertinent.

The answer to this question Herbert Agar finds in the strange character of our American political parties. To the distress of many men of principle, from John Randolph of Roanoke to Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, our parties do not divide on rational lines, each taking the opposite side of some great and burning issue. Instead, they are forever trying to edge each other off the same platform. Time after time, in election after election, the chief difference between Republicans and Democrats has been that the "Outs" say, "We view with alarm," whereas the "Ins" say, "We point with pride." This was true likewise of their predecessors—Jefferson said more than he meant when he maintained in his first inaugural, "We are all Republicans; we are all Federalists." James Bryce observed this phenomenon as early as the 1880's and worried about it. Believing in the United States as he did, he was sure that sometime the Americans would straighten things out and would devise some nice logical system, somewhat after the English pattern, in which the two parties divided on principle and lined up their forces solidly on opposite sides of important controversies.



—George Maillard Kesslere.

Herbert Agar — "always possible to 'turn the rascals out.'"

It is the Agar thesis, by no means new to students of American history and political science, that the persistent devotion of our two major parties to compromise, expediency, and opportunism is the price we pay for union and democracy. Once by a sad mischance, in the period immediately preceding the Civil War, they did divide on principle, and by so doing almost wrecked the Union. But the very victory which the Republicans won robbed them of their issue and soon placed them in the true tradition of the Whigs. With the war over and the slavery problem settled, the Republican Party continued to exist, as the Whig Party before it, primarily

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to win elections. And the Democratic Party had no other serious purpose than to oppose the Republicans. "What are we here for except the offices?" said Webster Flanagan, of Texas, to the Republican national convention of 1880. He had something. What do the parties exist for, anyway, if it isn't to hold the offices?

To English critics and third-party politicians this all adds up to a wicked cynicism. But they are wrong. Such observers forget that the United States is an empire, composed of sections as vastly diverse as the dominions that form the British Commonwealth of Nations. To survive as a national organization a party must have a following in every section, or nearly every section. Politically speaking, that means in every state or nearly every state. This necessitates conciliation and compromise all along the line, and by the time the two parties, working separately, have done the job, they come up with programs so nearly identical that the difference is hardly worth noting. Just the same, there are always two teams ready to take over the government. When one team fails it is always possible to "turn the rascals out" and put another team in its place.

The position of the President as party leader and manager is a by-product of the systems. To succeed he must be a specialist in "group diplomacy." That is to say, he must be able to hold together the warring factions of his party and somehow to get the things done that need to be done. Under such men as the two Roosevelts (but no less than under such men as Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln before them) the Constitution takes on new meaning as the times change, and the Supreme Court limps along afterward as best it can. In its parties and in its party President the United States has evolved a kind of unwritten and constantly changing constitution that provides for us more or less the same elasticity that the English constitution provides for England. Each of the two major parties is an uneasy coalition of divergent sectional or occupational groups, and the test of a President is how well he can ride herd on them. Weak Presidents are a frightful calamity. Three of them in succession—Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan—netted us a Civil War.

There is more cause for alarm than Mr. Agar is willing to concede in the present trend toward a horizontal rather than a vertical division in American politics. Throughout the nineteenth century there was a dependable certainty that both Democrats and Republicans could claim every variety of American, from millionaire to pauper, from college professor to illiterate, in its ranks. But the division these days is all too rapidly becoming what someone has called "slantindicular," that is, the millionaires and the high-brows generally tend to be Republicans, while the workingmen and the low-brows generally tend to be Democrats. This is serious business and needs looking into. If ever the two leading parties divide strictly along class lines, with the upper-crust all in one party and the lower-crust all in the other, our traditional political system will break down. Candidates Landon, Willkie, and Dewey recognized this danger, and shouted "Me, too!" with all their might to the New Deal policies. But they somehow failed to convince the voters that in office they would deliver what they promised as candidates. And so, in spite of the fact that the time had clearly come to "turn the rascals out," the trick couldn't be pulled off. Perhaps it will take the leadership of a five-star general to restore the Republican Party to its proper role in American political life.

This is a remarkable book, beautifully written and clearly argued. It should be required reading for all American politicians and for all Englishmen, politicians or not.

John D. Hicks, professor of American history at the University of California, is author of "The Federal Union" and other books.

For the Would-be Distaff Solon

UNDERSTANDING POLITICS: A Practical Guide for Women. By Louise M. Young. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 330 *pp.* $3.50.

BY HELEN GAHAGAN DOUGLAS

IT HAS long been my conviction, which I have expressed at various times both in Congress and out, that, contrary to general belief, women's activities in the home *particularly* fit them for politics.

Problems of education, of law and order, of housing, of cost of living, of war and peace, all are very close to them, not only as women but as wives and mothers. As a matter of record I said just a short time ago in a speech before a professional women's club in California,

> We might be nearer a solution of problems which mitigate against world peace if half the members of the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States were women, our best women.

It is with considerable pleasure, therefore, that I review "Understanding Politics: A Practical Guide for Women." For I believe Dr. Young personifies by her own life the kind of synthesis of family and community interests that we have come to expect of women in politics, but neither expect nor often get from men in politics.

Dr. Young must have a busy home, with her three teen-age children and a husband who himself is a well-known monetary economist. Yet she has found time, rather *made* time to write, to represent the League of Women Voters at the United Nations, and to take active part in many civic organizations which she feels are so important a part of political life. She has now written a book for women that is unique in American politics. It is informative, yet easy to read. Its author has a wealth of material and experience, which is brought to bear with precision and economy on the issues to which it is relevant.

The purpose of the book, as the author states at the beginning, is "to awaken, to stimulate, to sharply stir" the political consciousness of women by showing how their activities in the home, the school, and the community fit them for a greater role in government, in "politics" if you will, than they have realized or used to advantage. Part I is devoted to an exposition of our Constitutional form of government, from its structure at the Federal and state level right down to the two-party system with its bosses and machines, its precincts and wards, its patronage and civil service. It explains how and why government operates. It draws upon specific instances in which women have either been given authority or have wrested it by vote and have gone ahead to solve the community's pressing problems—from sewage disposal and water-filtering plants in Virginia to race tracks and slot machines in Oregon. Part I

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is a pep talk which proves to women, and to men, that women can run well not only their homes, but the government, if they put their minds and energies and determination to it.

Part II is, to my mind, the core of the book. Again in simple terms the author explains for the novice the language of politics, "absentee voting, adjournment, bicameral, caucus, cloture, committee of the whole," and so on down to "whip." In Chapter I, Dr. Young offers to the newcomer what would ordinarily take many months of intelligent experience to acquire. I would make that chapter required reading in every civics class. Chapter II, "Madame Chairman," is the essence of parliamentary law boiled down to seven and a half pages. One might do well to substitute it for "Roberts' Rules of Order" in any democratic organization. Chapter III, "Bird's-Eye View of the Political Map," again offers in condensed form the kind of information it would take much digging to acquire—by states the author lists the number of counties, the number of voters, the structure of the state legislature, the number of women in it in 1949, and the voting requirements. A list of women in the 1949 state legislatures and a selected reading list complete the second portion of the book.

A political novice, man or woman, who reads Dr. Young's book will learn how to go about becoming a good politician. She (or he) will also learn that where women have entered the political field, whether by election or by appointment, they have generally acquitted themselves well and made a record that adds much to the stature of women as a group and to the political scene.

I want here to echo Dr. Young's keen observation about one member of Congress who is shortly to retire from the House of Representatives after twenty-five years of public service. It sums up women's role in politics.

She has been

> the peer of the best of her fellow legislators in political wisdom, integrity, and devotion to duty. Mary Norton demonstrates that the primary ingredients of an outstanding political career for a woman no less than for a man and party loyalty, the capacity for executive leadership in directing human relationships toward common goals, and a close identification with one's own community as the source of one's power.

After a career in the theatre Helen Gahagan Douglas entered politics in 1939. She is now a Congresswoman from California.

Seesawing at Home and Abroad

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AND FOREIGN POLICY. By Gabriel A. Almond. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 269 pp. $3.75.

By Dexter Perkins

THIS is a thought-provoking book dealing with a crucial subject, the relation of foreign policy to public opinion and the means of gearing that opinion to effective action.

Mr. Almond makes no bones about the difficulties. The first part of his book is studded with melancholy judgments on the capacity of the American democracy to deal effectively with foreign affairs. His language is sometimes, perhaps, excessively weighted with the specialized vocabulary of sociological study, but the points he makes are perfectly clear. Americans are, as a people, so he believes, excessively interested in private as distinguished from public affairs; they are subject to changes of mood to a remarkable degree; they oscillate between withdrawal and intervention, between optimism and pessimism, between tolerance and intolerance, between idealism and cynicism, between a sense of superiority and a sense of inferiority. Not all of these generalizations are as well documented as they ought to be but perhaps the most disquieting of them is precisely that which is best supported by the evidence. The proposition that Americans are subject to remarkable changes of mood is developed at some length, and no one can doubt that on this subject, making skilful use of the public-opinion polls, Mr. Almond speaks with authority. Nor is it easy to imagine just precisely how a consistent foreign policy can be carried out if those who seek to conduct it towards its determined ends are continually subjected to violent shifts in the public opinion with which they have to deal or with irrational emotional states which they have to combat.

Mr. Almond is not very happy about some of the elites who might serve to give guidance to uninstructed public opinion. He mentions and describes as hardly adequate to their job four types of elites: the politicians who are interested only in brokerage; the bureaucracy, which has only recently come to recognize the complexities of foreign policy making and the importance of the research and the policy-planning function; the interest groups which "until recently approached foreign-policy problems with little if any professional advice," and the communications groups, i.e., radio and newspaper and the like, where "we encounter interest bias, sensationalism, or the assertion of a formal neutrality on controversial policy problems." Nor is our author at all enamored of those who operate in the sphere of religious and educational leadership. They tend, it seems, "to perpetuate the moral dualism which confuses efforts at rational policy making."

Having thus reduced the reader to a proper state of humility, Mr. Almond comes to the conclusion that there is a rough consensus on American foreign policy, after all. This consensus rests on "resistance to Communist expansion by economic, diplomatic propaganda, and, if necessary, military means, and the establishment of a peaceful and legal international order in which American material and security interests would be protected." This consensus is by no means absolute and in certain areas, such as that of foreign-trade policy, it is by no means secure. There will be difficulties, too, in connection with unilateral security measures, with partial security arrangements such as the Atlantic Pact, and with foreign-language groups in the United States. This Mr. Almond makes clear by copious illustrations.

But how make this consensus more effective? The author, while recognizing the problem of mass education, believes that the core of the matter lies in the activities of certain elites. The general public looks for cues for mood responses; the determination of precise policies lies with the well-informed and with their direct influence on policy-forming bodies. In stressing this point he performs one of his greatest services.

This is an important book. No previous analysis has penetrated deeper to the heart of an immensely important problem, the problem of public opinion and the conduct of foreign affairs. If Mr. Almond sees the difficulties clearly, and exposes them

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Belles-Lettres.

Most writing about important literary figures falls into two categories. Persons who knew-the-great-man-when hasten to record memories and insight into his work derived from intimate association. (Viz., Boswell and Johnson; and—see page 10—Oliver St. John Gogarty, Mary M. Colum, and James Joyce.) Richard Aldington seeks to repair the devastation done D. H. Lawrence's reputation by other friends in a volume reviewed below, but adds a significant subtitle: "Portrait of a Genius, but . . ." The second type of literary biography is the scholar's judicious assessment, written long after the subject's death. Herman Melville, who has been given three thorough goings-over in the past year, receives a fourth in Newton Arvin's capital study. . . . In lighter vein is Emily Hahn's "A Degree of Prudery," a profile of the lively Fanny Burney.

Poet to Vagabond to Legend

D. H. LAWRENCE: Portrait of a Genius But. . . . By Richard Aldington. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 432 *pp.* $3.75.

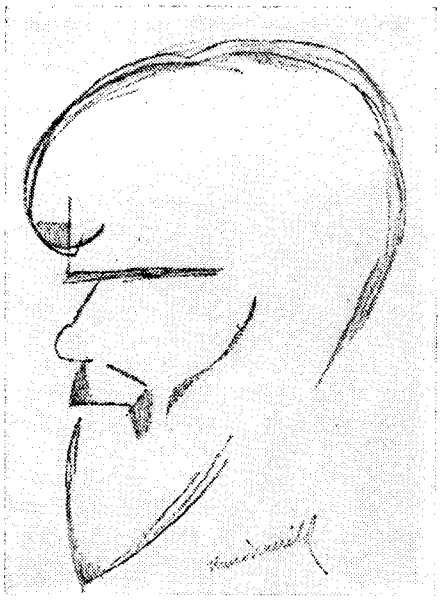
By Harry T. Moore

AS RICHARD ALDINGTON suggests at the end of this biography, Lawrence's reputation is on the upswing: his books are being extensively reprinted, and in many countries he "has become a standard author." Certainly he has survived the damage caused in the 1930's by the hectic memoirs of one-time friends; his novels, stories, and poems can today be read for their own sake. Lawrence is at present widely quoted, anthologized, and discussed, but no book about him has appeared since before the war. Now Richard Aldington, who knew Lawrence during most of his writing career, provides the fullest biography of the man whose acquaintances spoke of him as "a genius, but . . ."

Lawrence's previous biographers have usually been at the extreme of Catherine Carswell's worshipful apologia or of Middleton Murry's disparaging psychographs. In 1938 Hugh Kingsmill wrote a "Life" which sardonically combined all the camp-followers' memoirs in such a way as to make his readers repeat Matthew Arnold's exclamation over the Shelley circle: "What a set! What a world!" Aldington, who has always admired Lawrence while candidly admitting his friend's faults, has approached his task with level eyes and a clear mind. The portrait is as fair as it is believable.

Aldington's sympathy is apparent from the opening passages, which show how in Lawrence's childhood the incessant quarreling of his coal-miner father and his "good old burgher family" mother helped condition their son's temperament. Aldington cites many evidences of the boy's dependence on the mother and clinically traces the development of the illness that finally killed Lawrence at forty-four: although his mother had won her battle to keep him and her other sons out of the pits, Lawrence was hampered throughout his life by the miner's occupational disease, tuberculosis. Yet he wrote consistently and always forcefully and brilliantly; Aldington gives him as much credit for stubborn courage as for genius—and irascibility.

The book testifies directly as to Lawrence's writing power because Aldington has woven skilfully chosen autobiographical passages, chiefly from Lawrence's letters, through the text. He stops to admire these passages from time to time, although his purpose is biographical rather than esthetic, for he attempts "to avoid literary criticism and above all that quasi-philosophizing which now passes as criticism." His biography has, however, two serious faults. The first will be apparent at once to seasoned Lawrence readers, to whom he presents no new information of any value. Twenty years after Lawrence's death, Aldington owes these readers something more than a rehash of material long in the public domain. While his book is more thorough than Kingsmill's, and written with more humanity as well as with more skill, it does not provide any further data about Lawrence's youth. There can be little more source material left in relation to Lawrence's years of fame, when people around him felt the obligation to record their experiences with him, or at least to try to remember them; but there are vast unexplored reaches in Lawrence's early life which a biographer at this point has an obligation to investigate.



D. H. Lawrence—conditioning quarrels.

Another notable fault in Aldington's book concerns readers new to the Lawrence milieu: except in the case of Lawrence's wife, Aldington fails to develop adequately some of the secondary figures. Frieda Lawrence's portrait survives the introductory cliché, in which she is called "a sort of modern Brunhilde"; she later blooms into life, and Aldington says that she and Lawrence, despite their breaking of crockery over each other's heads in the publicized quarrels, were ideally suited. Too many of the minor personages, however, are not sufficiently characterized, dramatized, evaluated.

Aldington's biography, however is valuable to new readers of Lawrence who wish to know what the man himself was like. The story is a compelling one, from the excitement of Lawrence's beginnings as a poet and through his marriage with the exuberant baroness and their wander-years in Europe, Australia, and America, with much of the narrative—as already explained—in Lawrence's own vivid and kinetic idiom. And Aldington, by closely following his subject's development and viewing him always with a careful honesty and a restrained compassion, and by keeping the emphasis human through all the story's excursions among facts, has made his central figure a distinctly living character—a feat sometimes easier to accomplish in a novel than in a biography.

Harry T. Moore, who teaches at Babson Institute, edited Lawrence's letters to Bertrand Russell and is author of a full-length study of Lawrence which will be published in September.

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Fanny Burney to Me

A DEGREE OF PRUDERY. By Emily Hahn. New York: Doubleday & Co. 340 pp. $3.50.

By Marchette Chute

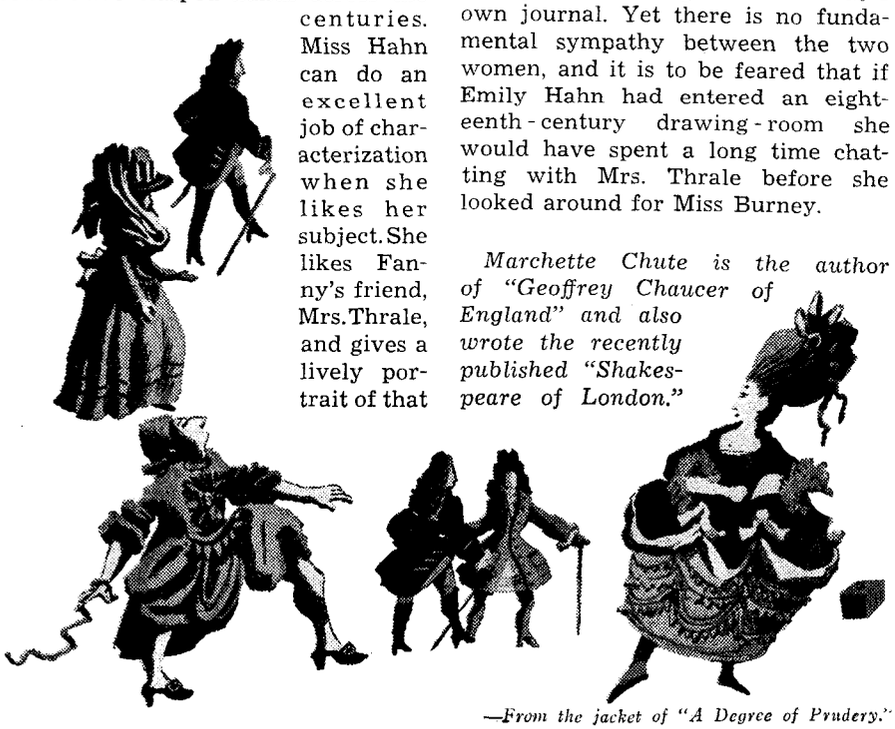
FANNY BURNEY is a lively subject for a biography. The daughter of a well-loved music master in the eighteenth century, she watched fashionable London as it came to her father's house and noted its antics in her journal. Then she wrote a successful novel called "Evelina" and was no longer able to stay demurely in a corner. Instead, she moved with equal demureness through the adulation of London society, and since her next novel was equally readable and equally respectable the adulation increased. So excessively admirable was her conduct (no one had seen her journal) that she became a Keeper of the Robes to the Queen. This was not the ideal post, since Fanny did not take even her own clothes seriously, and she was finally overcome by galloping boredom and left. When she was forty-one she married a penniless Frenchman, gave birth to a son, rose from her bed to do a play, which Mrs. Siddons said was very bad, withdrew it promptly to Mrs. Siddons's great admiration, spent ten years in France, grew fat and lively in spite of an operation for cancer, did hospital work after Waterloo, wrote a final novel that was slaughtered by the critics, and died at the age of eighty-seven.

Fanny Burney ought to have been a heroine after Emily Hahn's own heart, and "A Degree of Prudery" might have been a masterpiece if they could have clasped hands across the centuries. Miss Hahn can do an excellent job of characterization when she likes her subject. She likes Fanny's friend, Mrs. Thrale, and gives a lively portrait of that courageous, intelligent, delightful, ridiculous woman. If she could have felt the same sort of sympathy for Fanny Burney the book would have been an unqualified success. But Fanny Burney was a prude, and Miss Hahn, unfortunately, does not take to prudes. It is hard to see, under the circumstances, why she chose to write about one.

Since Miss Hahn neither likes nor understands prudes, she offers too strained a motivation for what was really only a matter of Fanny's prim temperament. Miss Hahn feels that Fanny was "frightened and disgusted" by passion and subconsciously longed to spend her life as a child under the domination of her father. Yet Fanny opposed her father whenever his opinion went against hers. She refused to marry an exemplary young man of whom her father approved, and she gave this as her terse explanation: "I should expire of fatigue with him." Then, when she was in her forties, she met a man she loved and married him in spite of her father's refusal to come to the wedding. Fanny shows no signs of being "neurotically conventional" here, and if Miss Hahn were writing fiction it could only be said that at this point her heroine had gone completely out of character. As for Fanny's married life, Miss Hahn takes no interest in it and she dismisses forty-seven years in one brief, colorless, and extremely inadequate chapter.

A great deal of Fanny Burney, or at least Fanny Burney as a younger woman, emerges in "A Degree of Prudery." There are many things about her heroine that Miss Hahn likes and enjoys, and in any case she has quoted at length from Fanny's own journal. Yet there is no fundamental sympathy between the two women, and it is to be feared that if Emily Hahn had entered an eighteenth-century drawing-room she would have spent a long time chatting with Mrs. Thrale before she looked around for Miss Burney.

Marchette Chute is the author of "Geoffrey Chaucer of England" and also wrote the recently published "Shakespeare of London."



—From the jacket of "A Degree of Prudery."

"Moby-Dick" Myth

HERMAN MELVILLE. By Newton Arvin. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 316 pp. $3.50.

By Howard P. Vincent

NEWTON ARVIN'S survey of the career of Herman Melville is the second to appear within the past few months. Its publication is a sign that the labors of scholars and the commentaries of critics now add up to such proportions that a full-scale scrutiny of Melville's life and art may be attempted. It still is true, however, that completeness is yet far from possible. Much new information about Melville's life remains unpublished. But whatever may be the drawbacks to an overall account of Melville, Newton Arvin has masterfully handled his materials to give us the best general book on Melville ever published. The counterpoint of biographical record and of literary achievement is brought off with great skill so that Melville's life illuminates his art, his art illuminates his life.

The literary criticism is superb, and both high-brow and middle-brow may read this book with profit and enjoyment for, although Arvin does not avoid the study of symbol and myth in Melville's work, he achieves his study without the pretentious jargon which offends the fabled man in the street.

Arvin sees Melville's work in its organic development from "Typee" to "Moby-Dick," then in its collapse in "Pierre," its partial recovery in "Bartleby," and, finally, the arduous but courageous redisintegration evident in the latter poems and in the pages of "Billy Budd." Even in "Typee" and "Omoo," a lighthearted pair of books, there is, says Arvin,

> an undertone of serious meaning. Taken together they tell the story of a quest or a pilgrimage . . . from the world of enlightened rationality, technical progress, and cultural complexity backward and downward and, so to say, inward to the primordial world that *was* before metals, before the alphabet, before cities; the slower, graver, nakeder world of stone, of carved wood, of the tribe, of the ritual dance and human sacrifice and the prerational myth. . . . He returned to civilization in the end, but he had had a long gaze at a simpler, freer, gayer, and yet also statelier mode of life, and this was to serve him, in memory, as a stabilizing and fortifying image.

The return to civilization, with its consequences in discovery and disillusionment, is followed through "Mardi," "Redburn," and "White-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Solar Fireworks

AT THE UNIVERSITY of Colorado last week I realized for the first time how much of a planetary isolationist I had been. For years I had been fretting and fussing over the condition of man. But at Boulder, Colorado, what I learned convinced me, to my shame, that I had been a global ostrich; indeed, I felt I had been a Colonel McCormick of the cosmos.

The discovery that I had been wearing spatial blinders was the direct result of a visit to the High Altitude Observatory at Boulder, operated jointly by Harvard University and the University of Colorado. Nowhere in the world is there finer equipment for staring right into the face of the sun. Fabulous mechanical eyes known as "bi-refringent monochromators" filter out the blinding glare and transform the tiny human eye into a colossal scrutinizing machine capable of peering across 93,000,000 miles of space into a cosmic furnace in order to take intimate measurements of the flames. The observatory is manned by a small band of solar intruders headed by Walter Orr Roberts, whose job it is to keep his eye on the big ball.

Observing these sun-watchers in action makes the outsider feel he has been imprisoned in a thimbled reality. At the particular time of my visit, moreover, this feeling was magnified many times. For something spectacular had been happening during the week, something that deeply excited even these seasoned solar-sophisticates. What had happened was that one of the observers, James Boratgis, during the routine course of his measurements, saw a gigantic eruption on the face of the sun. A section of the sun had become violently unstable and had produced a flare which lasted for forty minutes and which, at the point of maximum intensity, covered an area of a billion square miles. Boratgis immediately notified Dr. Roberts, then in communication by radio with the mountain unit of the Observatory at Climax, Colorado. At about that moment, the radio was blanked out by static; the phenomenal additional light radiated by the flare had produced almost immediate interference with the earth's atmosphere. Dr. Roberts confirmed the existence of the outburst for himself, and the observatory staff swung into action, taking photographs and putting down the measurements of the flare on a sort of solar fever chart.

During the next thirty-six hours this "sudden instability of a strange nature," as Dr. Roberts described it, produced twelve additional enormous flares or eruptions of hydrogen, helium, and calcium gases under high pressure. One of these flares was twice as large as the initial disturbance and lasted ninety minutes. Dr. Roberts said that this instability was one of the largest ever recorded at any of the world's solar observatories. His calculations led him to predict that the direct effect on the earth would be that the upper atmosphere would be bombarded by a stream of solar corpuscles—hydrogen nuclei and electrons ejected by the eruptions and sent out in a vast cosmic spray.

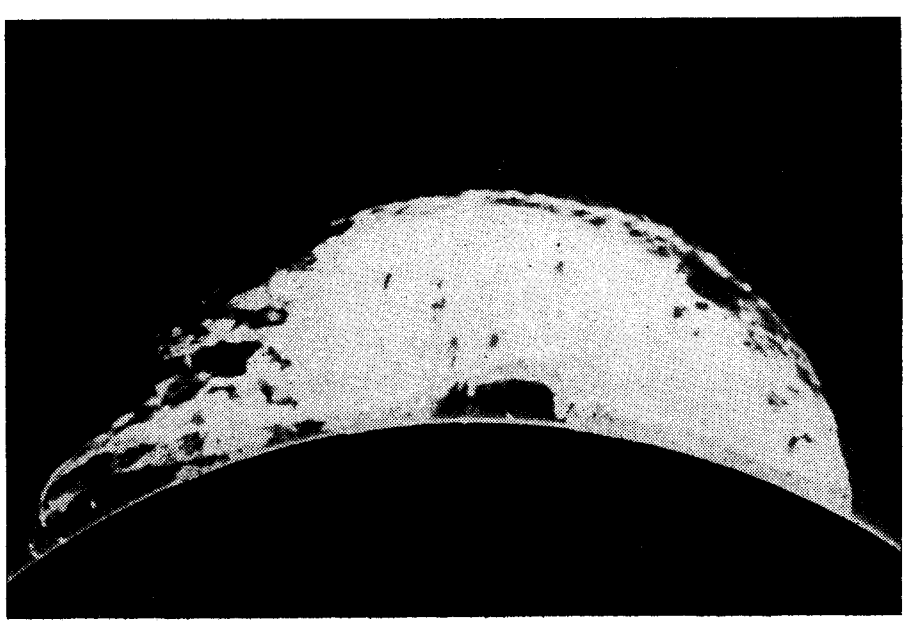
Beyond that Dr. Roberts is willing to venture no explanations or predictions. He is not worried, just baffled. "It's something new in our observations and we can't account for it." In answer to a direct question, Dr. Roberts said that our puny planet need expect no danger from the sun's erratic behavior.

EVEN so, it gave you something to think about. I came away with my planetary isolationism completely shattered. I couldn't help hoping that the Soviet Union, which has no bi-refringent filter device, would receive full information and photographs of the explosions. I confess I almost hoped that the solar instability would continue long enough so that nations might regard it as the common danger without which man is apparently determined to set off some hydrogen fireworks of his own.

Indeed, I found myself wishing that the collective eye of the human race could have been fastened to the magic eye at Boulder, Colorado, at the time of the sun flares. Perhaps this contact with a larger reality might enable us to develop some desperately needed perspective on man as the dominant occupant of this planet. Perhaps it might enable us to crack the absurd walls which encase us in such rigid and perilous national compartments.

There was yet another thing I kept wishing for at Boulder. I kept wishing that it might be possible somehow to turn the magic eye around so that it could peer into the human mind. For the biggest challenge today is not to rip the mask off the cosmos but to get a glimmering of what goes on behind the eye of man. The solar system will not be offended if we take time out to scrutinize human decision and purpose.

—N. C.



An eruption on the sun as photographed at the High Altitude Observatory in Boulder, Colorado—A fabulous device "filters out the blinding glare and transforms the tiny human eye into a colossal scrutinizing machine capable of peering . . . into a cosmic furnace."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Passé Literature

SIR: Boy, it's tough to buy a book!

Here is my saga. My wife and I were to head north for one of those Connecticut week ends. At the last minute, while hunting for those gray flannels and putting the aspirin in the toilet kit, she delivered the usual plaint, "I haven't got a thing to read." Remembering as how she had once expressed a desire to read Lillian Smith's "Killers of the Dream," I sneaked off to a neighboring bookstore and asked for same.

The bookseller (very pretty, too) showed some puzzlement, then said, "Oh! that's an old book. I'm afraid we haven't got it any more."

Taxi. . . next bookshop.

"A copy of Lillian Smith's 'Killers of the Dream,' please."

Brief search. Then, "I'm afraid we haven't it any more. But how about—."

Next bookshop, next bookshop, more taxis — same thing.

Number seven said, "Oh! that's old. Why don't you read one of these new books? They just came in." I murmured something about Shakespeare still being pretty good though his books are old, and struck out for number eight.

Number eight — same performance, although she did think they might still have one in the window. Lengthy search through the glass. Plenty of Easter cards and whodunits but no Lillian Smith. Just about to give up and buy "The Mill on the Floss," I spied "Killer of the Dream" in the lending library.

"Oh! we can't sell library books," quoth she.

I said, "Why not?"

She said, "Because it's a rule."

I said, "Break it."

She said, "Well—I oughtn't to, but . . ."

She did.

This nerve-wracking experience gave me an idea. Now "Killers of the Dream" must be at least five or six months old! Already the publishers are busy selling *new* books to stores, and the stores to you and me. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to take a leaf out of the grocery and photographic fields? Why not "Dated Books"? Issue them with cellophane wrappers stamped "Not good after April 15," the way the coffee and film people do? Might solve a big problem, save a lot of trouble, would prevent us readers from inadvertently getting some two- or three-month-old relic. Out they all go on the expiration date!

Poor Lillian — better write another, but fast.

ROBERT J. MISCH.

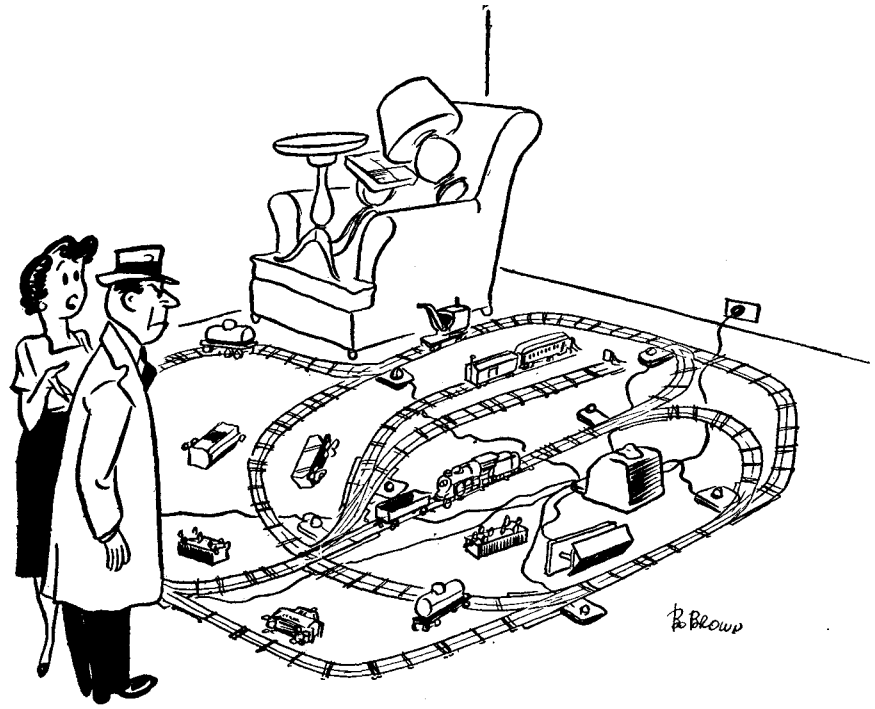
New York, N. Y.

SIR: Poor Mr. Misch. I know just what he means. It is usually an author who has this experience and who raises merry hell with the publisher because his book is not available in bookstores.

With Lillian Smith's book, "Killers of the Dream," however, I must say that New York booksellers rose nobly to the occasion and kept that book prominently displayed until the January 1 inventory period. The fact that they were out of it may mean that our advertising is pulling or that Mr. Misch may have gone to the wrong bookstores.

As publishers of "Killers of the Dream" we look on this as virtually a new book and we are still advertising it and expect to sell it for years to come. Rest assured, Mr. Misch, the publisher has copies.

STORER B. LUNT,
President, W. W. Norton & Co.
New York, N. Y.



"I told Junior to pick up his trains, but he said he was only an operator, not a maintenance man!"

"Yet the Republic Has Survived."

SIR: "Treason nowadays," says Elmer Davis ["Subversion: The Old Story," *SRL* April 1], "is treason against the free world. The treacherous act which has recently done most harm to the United States, as well as the nation to which he owes allegiance, was committed by a British subject, Klaus Emil Julius Fuchs. French Communists who try to stop shipment of American arms to France are giving aid and comfort to the undeclared enemies of the United States as well as of their own country." In other words it is Mr. Davis's opinion that Communists can and sometimes do commit treason against several states simultaneously. If that is true treason has become the most monstrous crime in the history of the human race.

Up to the present time no man has been able to act disloyally toward a nation to which he owed no allegiance, or a people whose language he did not speak, or a country in which he never lived.

What are we to do about this? Shall we wait until the free world is sufficiently organized to set up courts of adequate jurisdiction, staffed with semi-global prosecuting attorneys, bailiffs, and clerks? But Mr. Davis also says there is nothing wrong with the American definition of treason except that it "no longer covers the ground." It no longer covers the ground in two respects: (1) it provides only for the punishment of treason against a sovereign self-governing state and (2) it has not been applicable in practice to even that kind of treason in time of peace or during a civil war.

Should we therefore stretch our narrow Constitutional definition to accommodate the wider scope, both in time and space, of treason today? Mr. Davis says so in one place: "The dangerous adherents to our enemies are not those who might serve in their armies . . . they cannot be prosecuted for treason in the cold war because we have no declared enemies." But he also says *no* in another place. "In every crisis of history the United States has been simply sodden with treason . . . yet the Republic has survived . . . No one has ever been put to death for treason against the United States . . . yet the Republic has survived." The last paragraph of his article begins: "This is in any case no new problem and nothing to give us undue concern." The last sentence is: "Yet the Republic has survived."

Between these confusions Mr. Davis struggles manfully to redefine treason. His desire to soothe, to mollify, to speak in an even voice overcomes his intelligence, which is considerable. There is, indeed, good warrant for the effort. The crimes of Alger Hiss and Judith Coplon do not fit into the Constitutional pigeonhole of treason, and no Communist could possibly have been convicted of it no matter how hard he tried. However, in the plain sense of treason all Communists are guilty in so far as they are able to in-

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jure both this government of the majority and the constitutional system under which another majority may succeed it. There is no doubt about their intentions. They have been shouting them from the housetops for thirty years. They want to impose the rule of an elite upon us. How much harm they do depends on the opportunities they have. Mr. Davis all but says it should depend on the amount of punishment we can take.

ASHER BRYNES.

Roosevelt, N. J.

Ayenbite of Inwit

SIR: The defenders of Joyce [LETTERS, *SRL* Apr. 8] overlook any reference to the fact that he wanted to be a poet, that he failed, and then, lacking the poetry of resignation, underwent a certain curding of the mind. In a similar way Hitler wanted to be an artist. The parallel, to a less degree, may be more exact than we realize.

A. E. JOHNSON.

Syracuse, N. Y.

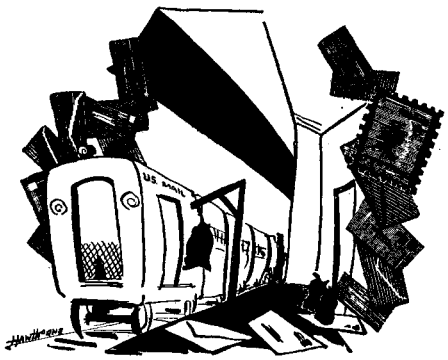
SIR: James Joyce was an artist in every sense of the word. Anyone who ever read "The Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man" knows that, come hell or high water, Joyce was one of the finest, most sensitive artists who ever lived. In addition to that, he seems to have been an example of something both tragic and important. He seems to have been a victim of a horrible conflict, which he monumentalized in "Ulysses." That book, it seems to me, is now a part of the rightful education of every man. It is not pornography; it is scripture.

When Joyce's mind took up the struggle for freedom from medieval dogma and ancestral fetish, it was already pinioned beneath an immovable scholastic mass. He tried to cut himself away, but was foredoomed to failure: in Gogarty's words, he was predamned. Nevertheless, he made a noble effort, and he made a more intelligent and honest record of his ayenbite of inwit and inward excitement than any of his detractors is likely to make. It is true today, as it was ever true, that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and his own home.

Few readers consume all of Voltaire's ninety-nine volumes or all of Rabelais or Montaigne or Spenser or Shakespeare or Boswell. Few will ever read all of Joyce. But selections will survive as examples of a momentous and revealing, pathetic and humorous, tragic and beautiful literary experiment.

EDWARD E. AVERILL, JR.

Omaha, Neb.



Music and the Dance.

Any self-respecting record store today will stock six recorded versions of Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique," seven of the Brahms First, nine of Debussy's "Clair de Lune." To guide the prospective buyer through this morass of varying interpretations a new genre has evolved: the record guide. Most complete and up to date is Irving Kolodin's "The New Guide to Recorded Music" in its third, "international," edition (reviewed below). Moses Smith's "Selective Record Guide," another recent publication, puts greater accent on "basic" repertory than on interpretive niceties. . . . From London comes a new study of Gilbert and Sullivan by W. A. Darlington, of the Daily Telegraph. *Ardent Savoyards may claim that the sublime objects of their adoration require no skeleton key. But, says our reviewer, enjoyment is heightened with added knowledge of the librettos' Victorian innuendo. . . . Balletomanes can take a trip to England as well as behind the iron curtain in "The Rose and the Star."*

Discs for the Discerning

SELECTIVE RECORD GUIDE. By Moses Smith. New York: The Macmillan Co. 300 *pp.* $4.50.

THE NEW GUIDE TO RECORDED MUSIC, International Edition. By Irving Kolodin. New York: Doubleday & Co. 524 *pp.* $4.

By PHILIP L. MILLER

OF THE making of record books the end is by no means in sight. The growing library divides itself into three groups—such straight and uncritical discographies as the three editions of "The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia"; such collectors' books as those of John Hallstrom and John Ball, Jr., concerning themselves with helpful hints, basic libraries, and the like, and, finally, such tomes as those of Hall, Haggin, and Kolodin that strike between the first two categories, aiming at more or less comprehensive coverage and discussing the pros and cons from a professional music critic's point of view. Moses Smith's new book is certainly the best I have seen in the second class, and Irving Kolodin, simply by modernizing his well-known "Guide," has produced the most up-to-date work in the last category. Fortunately, there will be a good deal more to say of and for Mr. Kolodin's volume, as this particular virtue is not an especially durable one.

Mr. Smith has been known since 1924 as one of Boston's ablest music critics and his connections with the world of records have included a period as director of Columbia Masterworks. He here addresses himself primarily to the novice among collectors, although he takes in those who "already have some knowledge of music on records." He does not, like some of his predecessors in this field, spend much time on the subject of equipment or the facts of life in sound reproduction. Even his discussion of the burning question of the day—recording speeds—is brief, and, as it has developed with RCA Victor's recent entry into the LP field, not quite up to the minute. His introduction covers only eighteen pages and it is devoted chiefly to an orientation lecture on what is to follow. The three sections that comprise the body of the book are offered as a "basic list" to cost around $100, a "selective record library," and a third more venturesome list. The author is concerned with music rather than performance; it is doubtful that many would seriously question his musical selection though every worldly-wise collector will find some occasion to quibble over his choice of recordings. Mr. Smith's musical knowledge is sound and his style easy and readable. His book will be found the answer to many a gift problem.

Mr. Kolodin addresses a more sophisticated audience. He has long been known as one of the top-flight authorities on recorded music and his book is a basic reference in any music library. The three editions reflect the times of their publication. The first appeared in 1941, just before the end of what we now look back on as the golden age of recorded music. The Thirties had seen the revival of the phonograph, so near extinction in the Twenties, and the recording of a very large percentage of the masterworks of all schools and periods in musical history. Most of the recordings were done in Europe, but the domestic com-

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panies were not slow in making them available here. The RCA Victor and Columbia catalogues swelled to three and four times their former size, and what they did not give might reasonably be expected from a number of smaller companies dedicated to filling in the gaps. Then came the war. The 1947 "Guide" shrank from 495 pages to 382; its text was punctuated with laments for the discontinuance of this or that outstanding set. With the issuance of the new "International Edition" the picture has changed again, the pagination increased to 524. The repertoire has been greatly enriched with modern recordings made since the lifting of the last Petrillo ban, and for many old favorites the author has sought out the European catalogue numbers by which they can still be ordered. Wisely, he has contented himself with discussion of recordings he knows well, though by doing so he has left certain gaps for any and all connoisseurs to complain about. Other books, therefore, may claim to be more comprehensive, but surely none is sounder in its judgments.

The author does not attempt, as does his most important rival, David Hall, to give a grounding in musical history. He assumes that the reader knows who the composers are and what they stand for. There are, indeed, no biographical notes at all, only thumbnail sketches of individual pieces with recommendations for or against the work of the performing artists and the recording engineers. On the occasions when he gives away his own opinion of the greatness or poverty of the composition, he does so simply to make his point about the record under discussion. Kolodin never pontificates, rarely dismisses a composition or a composer with a curt and uncompromising adjective. If he tells you he doesn't like something he generally makes his reason clear enough. His amazing achievement is that in writing so many brief paragraphs he has succeeded so well in avoiding repetition and stylistic monotony. You can read the book from A to Z or you can skip around in it indefinitely without getting tired, because of the easy, informal style and the touches of humor and drollery he manages to inject. When occasion presents itself he is not above a good pun. Certainly this is the wittiest book in the record field.

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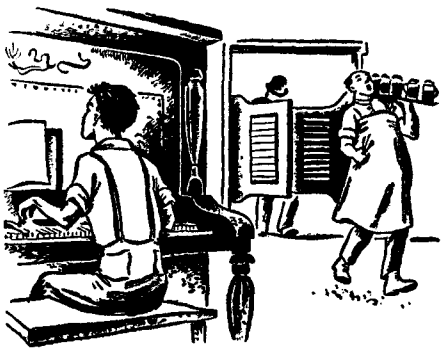
Maestro of Tin-Pan Alley

THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN. By David Ewen. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 179 pp. $3.

By Howard Dietz

THAT hardy perennial, once planted in a tenement casement on Cherry Street, still blooms with the same dewy intensity that wafted its melodic fragrance through the swinging doors on the Bowery at the turn of the century. At sixty-two Irving Berlin (currently represented on the stage with "Miss Liberty" and on the screen with "Annie Get Your Gun") finds himself in possession of the musical rights to most of our holidays, particularly Easter and Christmas, as well as a possible replacement of our national anthem. His words may have been sung by more people than ever recited Shakespeare; his stage plays have practically supported the recreational facilities of the Army in two wars. By providing lovers with theme songs for the past forty years, he has increased the population of the world by millions. He has been masseur to myriad lonely hearts, has staved off many varicose veins by inciting to the dance, and the Lord knows what other miracles his monosyllabic poetry set to horizontal music has performed. Certainly no artist in any age has been recognized so tangibly by his contemporary audience. He has received countless dollars, pounds, francs, kopeks, kronen, escudos, and other currency from sheet music, records, Ascap, musical plays, and revues as well as movies. He has published a thousand songs through his own publishing company in a fabulous catalogue of rememberable titles, and the remarkable part of it is that he has another thousand songs in his system, which he will pick out, virtually with one finger, on a specially-made piano that has a lever for switching keys. It is too bad that Ewen didn't write a better book about him.

"The Story of Irving Berlin" does tell the story of Irving Berlin. It is written simply and inoffensively by a man who has written other works on popular musical personalities. It has a good index and can be used as a reference book for those who feel a need for research on the plays, movies, and songs of Berlin. It is the typical story of the immigrant who rose to stardom from the ghetto. But somehow I don't think that, with all its compliments, even Irving Berlin's family will love the book. One member of his family is a good novelist and she will realize that a dimension is missing that leaves "The Story of Irving Berlin" limply at the bottom



—*From the book.*

of the vacuum jar. This dimension is the background against which a person like Irving Berlin could flourish, a portrayal of the atmospheres in the first half of the present century, the same background of events which created the great industrial empire of the United States, the opportunity for fame and fortune provided by a country with a liberal immigration policy and a free man's Constitution. But even allowing for this statural omission, Mr. Ewen does not capture that little metaphysical something about the personality of his hero, that wiry drive which is incomprehensible to his contemporaries, the lack of that relaxed temperament which is conventionally associated with a man who has built a monument in a career. He does not give us the flavor of vaudeville, a field which Mr. Berlin ploughed in his early days, nor does he tell us the fascinating methods by which a song was plugged into a hit, the taboos and the shibboleths of Tin-Pan Alley. Nor do the contemporary composers come into their own, which indeed they should if the work is to be definitive, and there is no expressed understanding of the distinction between popular music and show music. Of all the first-line American song writers, Irving Berlin is the only one who writes popular songs as well as musical scores. The author is obviously capable of doing all we ask. That he chose to skip lightly over that which would have provided body and head to his concoction undoubtedly was a charted course, but it's too bad that we didn't get some good pertinent history and a feeling about the people on the Broadways of the world.

This is the second attempt at the life story. The other one, by Alexander Woollcott, which oddly enough had the same title, was more brilliant and more entertaining, but also too romantic and adulatory. Sooner or later we'll get a third "Story of Irving Berlin." The writer will have two strikes on him, but he'll be at the plate with an uncurved ball coming up.

Howard Dietz is well known as the lyrist of 1948's *"Inside U.S.A." as well as other musical revues.*

Push-Carts on Bleecker

By Harry Kemp

FROM spigots sprung by pattern, color, scent,
Fantasy broached her vintage as I went:
The soft Italian language, back and forth,
That crepitates with scorning when it needs,
Was scarcely consonant with our bleak North;
Those split pomegranates bursting red with seeds
Bespoke the fire vine-sloped Vesuvius breeds;
The cactus fruit that wears its fuzzy spores
Like something holuthurian from the sea
Created sights of moving banks of oars
Off ancient Syracuse and Sicily . . .
Smaragdine apples jostled ruddier ones,
And taper pears that knew domestic suns.
The opulent banana full of gold
Abutted oranges in heaps conglobed;
Peaches that dripped with luscious mellowness
Lay where the fine, crisp lettuce furled its tress;
And green, fresh figs by russet yam, bunched grape
Brothered on gourds of every grotesque shape . . .

These men, these women, by their push-carts standing
Reminded me of people of Old Days
Whose bronze-beaked galleys clove Aegean ways
With oars that stopped at marble quays for landing.

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Savoyardese

THE WORLD OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. By W. A. Darlington. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 210 pp. $3.50.

By NEWMAN LEVY

THE Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which were conceived by their creators as a source of innocent merriment, have developed over the years into a cult. The canons of the Savoy tradition are as rigid and inexorable as those of Bayreuth; there are Gilbert and Sullivan societies throughout the English-speaking world to keep the votive flame alive, and each year there are additions to the growing literature of the subject.

The latest contribution is a pleasant, informative study by W. A. Darlington, a well-known dramatic critic and president of the London Gilbert and Sullivan Society. The book is written, therefore, with the authority of an expert and the affection of a devotee. It is Mr. Darlington's purpose to present the social and political background of the operas and to explain some of the more recondite allusions. It is hardly a book of urgent importance, but to the constantly growing army of Savoyards it will be a welcome one. It is not surprising that Gilbert and Sullivan should have been popular in their day. It is amazing, however, that they have retained their vitality and popularity for nearly seventy years and that they are enjoyed today in a far different world from that for which they were written.

The operas need no gloss; they are sufficient in themselves. Nevertheless, their enjoyment may be enhanced by a clearer understanding of Victorian England, the rigid class demarcations, the status of the House of Lords, the role of the Lord Chancellor, the caste distinctions in the Royal Navy, and many other contemporary allusions that are found in the librettos. This understanding Mr. Darlington's book gives us, and it helps to sharpen our appreciation of the paradoxes of Gilbert's humor.

There may be some who need to have explained the reference to Captain Shaw, the catalogue of names in the Heavy Dragoon song, the Major General's song, and many others. If so, they will find the explanations all here. (By the way, how about Basingstoke?) But on the whole there is comparatively little in the operas, as the author points out, that needs interpretation to a modern audience. Gilbert's virtuosity as a versifier has never been equaled in the theatre, and

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his lyrics sparkle as brightly today as when they were written.

The librettos have not worn as well as the lyrics. The dialogue is stilted and dated, and there is an unhappy tendency to indulge in bad puns. However, they are redeemed by the fact that Gilbert was a first-rate theatrical craftsman. And, above all, they are distinguished by that unique, topsy-turvy humor to which we have given the name Gilbertian. There have been many imitators, but few successful ones.

The collaboration of Gilbert and Sullivan was such a happy marriage of genius that it is futile to try to determine which was the greater. Each brought to the partnership rare gifts that supplemented those of the other. It is significant that, after their unfortunate quarrel, neither one was particularly successful with his new collaborators. Mr. Darlington is an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm is considerably this side of idolatry. He writes pleasantly and with the cool, penetrating detachment of one who not only loves the theatre but who understands it. I can heartily recommend this book to all Savoyards.

On Points Today

THE ROSE AND THE STAR: Ballet in England and Russia Compared. By P. W. Manchester and Iris Morley. New York: The Macmillan Co. 96 *pp.* $2.75.

THE BALLET ANNUAL, 1950. *Edited by Arnold L. Haskell. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 148 *pp.* $4.50.

By Irving Deakin

IN "The Rose and the Star" the collaborators have set the considerable balletic achievement of England against that of Russia, where the traditions of the Imperial schools have continued unbroken through political upheaval and change and where ballet is a necessary part of the life of the people. First-hand reporting on ballet in Leningrad and Moscow is rare indeed, and Miss Morley has given an interesting, valuable, and readable account of this lively art as it lives today in the Soviet Union. There are detailed comparisons of ballet training in England and Russia and extended discussions of the repertoires of the leading companies with respect to the great classical works common to both.

Of particular interest to American readers are the descriptions of a trio of works familiar in one form or another to this country—"Swan Lake,"

(*Continued on page* 62)

Personal History.

Before World War I Americans looked upon the once "dark continent" of Africa as a happy hunting ground for big-game hunters and economic exploiters. The change in their thinking that had taken place by the end of World War II is mirrored in two excellent books reviewed below. Exploitation is not completely a thing of the past but, as Dr. Edward H. Hume shows in "Doctors Courageous," a long series of valiant, selfless men have been laboring in Africa (and Asia) to spread the teachings of Christianity and the fruits of medical research. And, as Mary L. Jobe Akeley's "Congo Eden" makes clear, the naturalist's chief aim no longer is to bring 'em back alive — or dead — but to preserve wild life in its native habitat, at the same time rounding out our definitive knowledge of it.

Small Piece of Society in Africa & Asia

DOCTORS COURAGEOUS. By Edward H. Hume, M.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 296 *pp.* $3.50.

By Marguerite Clark

THE body of David Livingston rests in Westminster Abbey. But the heart of the great medical missionary, "which beat to the last for Africa," was placed by sorrowing natives in a small tin box and buried in the soil near Lake Mweru.

Seven decades later in another part of Africa Albert Schweitzer, an equally famous doctor of the body and spirit, labors in his simple Lambarene hospital after his triumphant journey to the United States last summer.

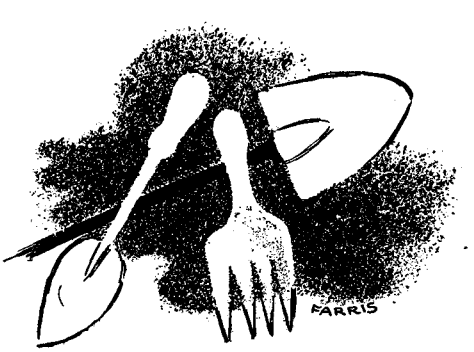
Between Livingston and Schweitzer there is a long list of less-known doctors and nurses who, fired by remarkable loyalties, have rendered superior religious-medical service in Africa, India, and Pakistan, the Near and Middle East, and China. Dr. Edward H. Hume, himself a medical missionary in India and China, introduces these people with dramatic simplicity in his book "Doctors Courageous."

Dr. Hume's men and women set out to cure in the name of the Lord. But in most instances they seem to have been reluctant to reveal the depths of their spiritual life and its effect on their work. In a matter-of-fact way, they admit from the start that the very nature of their work places them in a favorable position. Before their hypodermics, scalpels, microscopes, and health charts, mysterious fetishes and age-old traditions crumble easily. Even in Arabia, where prejudice against Christian infidels exists, natives reach out in despair for the Christian doctor's relief from pain.

In battling smallpox, cholera, and plague in India, leprosy and sleeping sickness in Africa, and tuberculosis and malaria in China, the doctors reach beyond religion and science to broader social needs. Called into homes during crises of life, death, birth, and sickness, they touch cultural patterns. Hume's "Doctors Courageous" is a small piece of the social history of Africa and Asia.

There was the beloved Dr. James McCord, who in 1899 began work among the Zulus in Port Natal, an installation which later became the model training center for nurses and doctors called the McCord Zulu Hospital. "The changing status of the African in Durban is coming about in considerable measure because of the McCord hospital," Dr. Hume writes.

Race tensions have been lessened and good will increased by the medical missionaries. An anthropologist from the West would be struck by the impact made by Christian religion (plus science) on the once-fierce tribes, "an impact made without the menacing blows that might have crushed the native social order," the doctor-author adds. "There has been a continuing effort to under-



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stand and blend incoming and indigenous values."

Young Dr. Peter Parker, the first medical missionary ever to be sent to China (1835), was regarded by the Cantonese as "a turbulent and crafty barbarian so far beyond civilization as not even to come under the local government law." But from the moment Dr. Parker opened his hospital in 1835 his teaching proved effective because he was thinking of the needs of the society he found in Canton. "He gave himself to the Christian ministry of healing so completely that men and contending nations accepted his mediations and moved on to a new social vision," Dr. Hume observes. "What diplomats and armies were unable to do with their cannons, Peter Parker achieved at the point of a lancet."

Each of the book's 120 stories contributes to a clearer understanding of the kind of man or woman who chooses medicine and missions as a career. Albert Schweitzer puts it best in these words quoted from Dr. Hume's book: "It is they who have learned by experience what physical pain and anguish mean. They belong together all the world over and are united by a secret bond . . . they bring to others the deliverance which they themselves have found."

In Back of Beyond

CONGO EDEN. By Mary L. Jobe Akeley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 356 pp. $5.

By Linton Wells

CARL AKELEY was not only America's greatest Africa naturalist-explorer; he also changed taxidermy from a trade to an art and patented the best naturalist's cinema camera ever made. The combined results of these efforts are the incomparable Akeley Hall wildlife exhibits in New York's American Museum of Natural History.

Akeley had completed four great expeditions to Africa, commencing in 1896, when in 1924 he married Mary L. Jobe, who had achieved distinction as an explorer of the Canadian Rockies. The following year they were in the Belgian Congo, collecting specimens to complete Akeley's masterful Gorilla Group. Ten months later, Mary Jobe buried her husband beneath a stone slab 10,500 feet up the slope of Mt. Mikeno, which Akeley considered "the most beautiful spot on earth." And during the next five months, she took charge of the enterprise and with amazing fortitude and stamina completed her husband's unfinished tasks.

Twenty years later, in January 1947, Mary Jobe Akeley returned to the Belgian Congo as the guest of the Belgian Government to make a pilgrimage to her husband's lonely tomb and inspect the Albert National Park and other praiseworthy animal sanctuaries, for the establishment of which Carl Akeley had been largely responsible.

But Mary Jobe Akeley did more than that during her six-month safari: she took magnificent pictures of the flora and fauna and native life of what her husband called "Brightest Africa"; and she has recorded minutely but interestingly in "Congo Eden" the things she saw and did and felt, the hardships she experienced in combatting wild animals and insects, fevers and bruises, heat and cold, bad weather and indifferent transportation facilities to almost inaccessible areas. It was not a trip for a sybarite, as the reader of "Congo Eden" will be the first to agree, but she never complained. Instead, she reveals frankly her emotions as she stood beside her husband's grave and placed flowers upon it; as she dreaded the prospect

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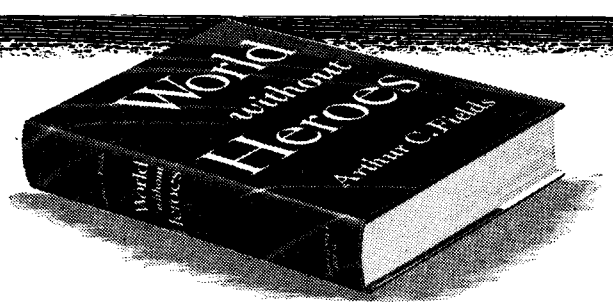

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of her first plane ride, which was to carry her across the Atlantic in midwinter; as she feared for her life while she jounced wildly for hundreds of kilometers over bumpy roads, seated on a plank in a springless truck; as she nerved herself to remain alone among savages far from the nearest white settlement; as she made herself walk to within twenty feet of elephant and rhino so as to photograph them better. And the whole, together with its splendid descriptions of this beautiful area in the Back of Beyond, and the historical background which Mrs. Akeley has taken great pains to include, makes an absorbing and very worth-while volume, which should interest those who know and love Central Africa and those who are enamored of it vicariously, and also convince them that the arduous journey was well worth all the effort and hardships.

The Belgian Government made a wise choice in enlisting the services of such a competent advocate of animal sanctuaries, which protect the rapidly diminishing wildlife from ruthless slaughter by so-called sportsmen. As Mrs. Akeley so truly says: "Trophies in the form of color films which portray the wild creatures freely enjoying their native habitat are, in the minds of nature lovers, of greater and more lasting value than a splendid pair of horns or a mounted head hanging on the wall at home."

Architect of the Nation's Capital

YOUR MOST HUMBLE SERVANT. By Shirley Graham. New York: Julian Messner. 235 *pp.* $3.

By WALTER WHITE

WASHINGTON, D. C., has been called one of the most imposing and beautiful of world capitals. Whether you agree or not, it might interest you to remember the next time you pass the White House or drive along Washington's wide avenues and around its innumerable circles that it owes its existence almost entirely to the grandson of an African slave and a white English bondswoman. Praised by Thomas Jefferson, William Pitt, and the Marquis de Condorcet for his genius as architect, engineer, astronomer, author of a famous almanac, and maker of one of the first clocks ever constructed in America, this gifted man, Benjamin Banneker, is known to very few Americans. Thus a great debt of gratitude is due to Shirley Graham for digging out the facts and writing the story she tells in "Your Most Humble Servant."

Here is how Banneker came to be the creator of the plans for the nation's Capital. George Washington had as President commissioned Major Pierre Charles l'Enfant, who had served with distinction in the Continental Army, to draw plans in the wilderness along the Potomac River for the young country's Capital. The appointment of a "foreigner" created such an outburst that the worried first President appeased his associates by naming Major Andrew Ellicutt, of Maryland, as chief surveyor. He, in turn, employed Banneker. After much work had been done and the plans almost completed the continuing attacks on L'Enfant forced Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson in 1792 to discharge the Frenchman.

L'Enfant secured his revenge by sailing promptly for Paris, taking all the plans with him. Jefferson and the commissioners for the new Capital city met in Philadelphia to try to find out what to do in the sudden emergency. Ellicutt and Banneker were invited to the gloom-filled meeting, which was electrified when Banneker modestly announced that he had memorized the plans and could reproduce them within three days. He did so to the delight and amazement of Jefferson and his associates, who had been certain that all the money and time which had been sunk in L'Enfant's work had been lost to the poverty-stricken government forever.

Not only is there no statue or other token of recognition or gratitude to him from the nation he served so unselfishly and ably but, were he resurrected to return to Washington to see his handiwork, Benjamin Banneker would today be refused hotel accommodations or food in most of Washington's public places. Time marches on!

Although Miss Graham's writing verges at times on lush and fancy phrases, she tells her dramatic story on the whole with admirable directness and careful documentation. I guarantee that after reading "Your Most Humble Servant" whatever ideas you may have held about racial mental abilities will undergo a decisive alteration. For the story of Benjamin Banneker in the adversities he had to overcome as well as the heights he attained makes Horatio Alger sound like a slugabed.

What a movie Banneker's life would make!

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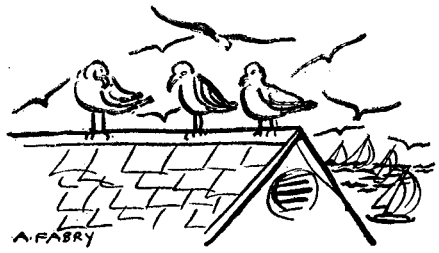
To Trafalgar

NELSON THE SAILOR. By Capt. Russell Grenfell, R.N. New York: The Macmillan Co. 235 pp. $3.

By Fletcher Pratt



IF THERE were an English Pulitzer Prize it is likely that biographies of Nelson would be excluded for the reason that keeps Washington and Lincoln out of consideration here; the subject is too much of a set-up. This does not prevent Britishers from writing Nelson biographies, however; the current volume is the second of the kind in less than a year. It is written by a man whose command of the language has rarely been surpassed and whose ability at analyzing the complex movements and interplay of ideas that make up naval warfare is very great. Since comparisons with the other Nelson biographies cannot be escaped, one may as well note that it stands close beside the classic work of Southey. By the simplicity of its emotional appeal, by its straightforward language, that latter has now become a book for boys, and perhaps Captain Grenfell's work will also one day come to the same end, for the analyses that strike one age as intricate are the commonplaces of the next.

For the time being "Nelson the Sailor" can be set down as a modernized and more intelligent Southey. It concentrates, as promised by the title, on Nelson as an admiral commanding. Captain Grenfell runs through the boyhood period with the speed of light, the famous incident of the polar bear is dropped right out, and 90 per cent of the text is given to the last twelve years of the man's life, beginning with the date when he went out to the Mediterranean in *Agamemnon*. From this point on the account is full and satisfactory; the great sea battles of St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar have seldom been better handled, and it is quite as able with the material between, the attack on Teneriffe, the pursuit of the French through the Mediterranean and to the Indies, the long months of blockade. The Lady Hamilton episode is neither neglected nor emphasized, merely reported as part of the Admiral's life.

The materials here are thus the familiar ones and the book is too brief to have permitted any elaborate reexamination of records to go into its making. What is new about it, what constitutes Captain Grenfell's special contribution, is his examination of the influence of personal relationships on high command. Nelson himself was happy "to have commanded a band of brothers," but there was little brotherhood between himself and Lord Keith or Hyde Parker or Hotham, and this is the first time that anyone has gone seriously into the question of how these clashes influenced the movement of ships and the fate of nations.

There is also some excellent technical analysis of British strategy, especially in the Trafalgar campaign, on which Captain Grenfell points out, and with good reason, that Nelson's own strategy in the pursuit to the West Indies was at least dubious. It seems to me that he is on less solid ground in criticizing Barham's concentration at the Channel; any counter-concentration of the French would have been rendered nugatory by their shortage of provisions and the condition of their ships. But that is a detail and this is a good book.

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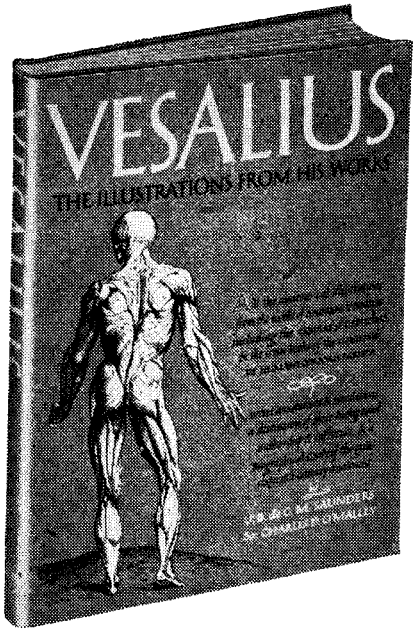

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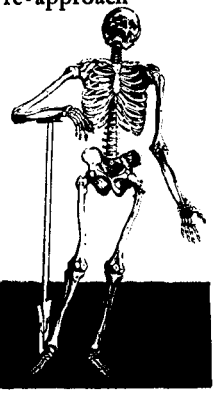

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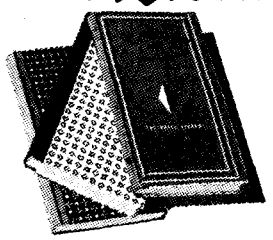

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 17*)

repentance—and the book flickers with life. These are its best scenes and make us faintly grateful—but they are too little and too late.

In short, he has neglected the whole purpose and justification for treating such material in the great medium of fiction. Why should it be done at all? The answer is to bring to the medium of fact the deeper penetration, the interpretive broadening and universalizing of the artist. It is to bring out more truth.

Short of this, the thing is much better told literally the way it happened. It is idle, as Mr. Divine does, to gild the lily, to trump it up with superficial narrative devices and inventions and smother its simplicity. You can't make the bare story any "better" than it is; you can only see farther into it. The reality is better than the made-up substitutes.

The story of the King-doctor of Ulithi is worth reading but I recommend only the Wees-Thornton version. There was an opportunity for the novelist here, a chance to show fiction on the level at which it is the greatest of all reporting, but Mr. Divine has not chosen to use fiction in the great way.

Fiction Notes

ISLAND LIGHT, by Alexander Key. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Aftermath department. The wake of the War Between the States sets the course of Mr. Key's melodrama. It's a Southern plaint and incontestably just. Stalwart Confederate soldiers and sailors find themselves imprisoned as traitors against the Union. Peace brings unfair reprisals, humiliating poverty, and the upswing of a tawdry society. One hot-blooded prisoner of war escapes, returns to his erstwhile island property, becomes involved with an ex-mistress, a new-found amour, a case of murder, one definitive insurrection, and an unfounded, though shared, belief in hidden treasure. The verities intrude as the plot resolves in favor of happiness and proper pride.

Flashing fiction, insistently eventful.

A STAR'S PROGRESS, by Katherine Everard. Dutton. $2.75. An ambitious Mexican girl child climbs from rung to rung in this novel until she floats through the higher Hollywood brackets. The film capital may or may not resent this pattern. It has come to mean the open sesame, the sure way to the enormous contract, the guaranteed though temporary place on the pinnacle. The mantle of mutation mink is on it. Starting off in a dive in Monterey at fourteen, marrying a (but naturally) rich Texan, the future star strays from producer to homosexual actor to Balkan prince, straight on to alcohol and the overdose.

WORLD AND PARADISE, by Edgar Maass. Scribner's. $3.50. Mr. Maass reviews the Thirty Years' War, reviving battles, investigating motives, probing plots, and altogether proffering such a panorama as to exhaust as well as to awe. Wallenstein has his brief moment. Gustavus Adolphus lives to die a dreadful death at Lutzen. Wrangel makes a tentative entrance. Hapsburgs, Bourbons, and Middle-European nobles fleetingly fling out their banners. Bohemia remains enslaved, sacrificed to warring ideologies. The dreadful years stretch on and on. Romance, however, manages to merge with the maelstrom. Restless Rosanna, orphaned and confused, wanders from haven to haven until she wins her true love, kindred soul in adventure, scope, and experience. There's a middle-aged peace at the last.

Times titanically ill-suited to the confines of the average historical novel. Should be served in slivers.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

LOVE STORIES OF INDIA, by Edison Marshall. Farrar, Straus. $3. The ability to tell a story is not a gift to be sneezed at. Mr. Marshall has this gift in abundance. He is not a Rudyard Kipling or a Somerset Maugham, both of whom he vaguely resembles, lacking the robustness of the first and the cynicism of the second. Nonetheless, he possesses a measure of literary excellence which he combines with a knack for pleasing the average reader. Mr. Marshall makes the open avowal that a story ordered by an editor of a big-selling magazine need not necessarily lose in quality and truth; he is, of course, speaking for himself.

The fifteen stories in this collection, selected out of those written between 1933 and 1950, are strongly romantic in flavor. About half a dozen of them, an excellent proportion, are good, although all are readable. If one had to make a choice, the first two are as good as any. "The Closed Trophy Room" is the story of one Harold, who was no hero to his own wife. He was a small, insignificant man who wore thick-soled shoes to give the impression of being a he-man. He didn't need to; he was a he-man, and

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how! When he made his pile he left Des Moines for a tiger hunt in India. He got his tigers and became a hero to a charming young native woman who, so he thought, was worth a dozen of such as the Dorothy he left at home. When he returned home Dorothy still remained skeptical of Harold's prowess, but in good time she got the comeuppance she deserved.

"Masks Off" presents the problem of what men and women do when faced with the prospect of death and of how quickly they revert to their former state once this prospect is removed. Adventure and romance are the stuff of which these tales are made; they will not disappoint.

—JOHN COURNOS.

BUT A LITTLE MOMENT, by James Ballard. Dutton. $3.75. Mr. Ballard's long novel is epic in ambition but something far short of that in execution. Somewhere imbedded in its prolix pages is a plan for a two-generation history, the spirit of man passed from father to son, exalted and cleansed in the fires of experience. But the plan is imbedded in fatty tissue, too much meaningless meandering and talk. The conflict of Adam and his son, Jason, over a scarlet woman is trite and yields no illumination; the experiences of Jason in a CCC camp are examined at tedious length to no purpose. And by this time we have lost sight of the book's meaning, never to sight it again. It is not length in itself that is villain here; it is Mr. Ballard's eagerness to follow every tempting trail and cross-path, away from his real destination.

—NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

AND YET THE TWAIN, by E. Helge Christian. Decker Press, Prairie City, Ill. $4. Niels Christianson, superintendent of a lumber plantation in the Philippines when Pearl Harbor is attacked, tries, as a citizen of Sweden, to remain a neutral, but his efforts are as futile as the author's, who would have us believe Niels is a flesh-and-blood being. Niels takes an active part in the campaign against the Japanese; his adolescent inner conflicts are as numerous as his adventures with women; he has many friends, and becomes entangled in various situations; yet all of this is utterly unreal and unbelievable. Except for a few passages colorfully outlining the tropical landscape, we are given more than 500 pages of stilted speech and awkward description. It was the author's intention to tell the story of a heroic people in their struggle against oppression but pasteboard figures cannot be heroes.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

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U. S. A.

(*Continued from page* 19)

ruthlessly, he writes nonetheless in a tone very far from despairing. And he ends on a note of hopefulness, of the kind of hopefulness that comes from clearer thinking and more disciplined feeling.

U.S.A. Notes

CONTROLLING FACTORS IN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT, by Harold G. Moulton. The Brookings Institution. $4. Both as president of the Brookings Institution and as author of this book Dr. Moulton may be taken as a responsible spokesman for enlightened economic conservatism. That locates him several miles this side of those who have been crying "statism" into the handiest microphone, but it still leaves him some distance away from "welfare state" advocates. And while, at the moment, it might appear that Dr. Moulton's ground has been left pretty well untenanted, he nevertheless has something to say to both sides (and, also, to the Marxist-tinged), whether or not they will agree with him.

To his credit, in discussing economic problems and the potentialities of our national economy, Dr. Moulton keeps close to the materials of economics—that is, conservative economics and its benign view of the virtues of private enterprise. Although he reserves his roughest handling for the doctrines of the late Lord Keynes and certain policies of the New and Fair Deals, he undertakes no side excursions for the purpose of further torturing those battered old words "freedom" and "security." Primarily, he is interested in why economic progress during the last century has been so great, why despite this progress there have been severe depressions, and what kind of economic development the future portends. Incidentally, he's bullish, asserting that it will be quite possible 100 years hence for the U. S. to double its present population and multiply its living standards eight-fold.

Included, of course, is the author's set of prescribed conditions for the attainment of this Nirvana, and there is a prescription—without a money-back guarantee—for mitigating depressions along the way. Not a stylistic gem, the book is comprehensible to lay eyes—and, with November 1950 on the horizon, timely.

A GRAMMAR OF AMERICAN POLITICS, by Wilfred E. Binkley and Malcolm C. Moos. Knopf. $6. In presenting yet another book describing our political institutions, Professors Binkley and Moos offer as their apologia a stated intention "to interpret the phenomena of American Government in terms of human motivation" and a "persistent purpose to discover those human interests and ideologies that account for the civic conduct of both private citizens and public officials." But intent and purpose vanish when the authors concentrate on loading their pages with facts that bear dim relevance to "human motivation" and "ideologies." They have buried

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title of Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND *Fredric Brown* (Dutton: $2.50)	Young Ed Hunter suspects that miscreant following Fortean lines may hold solution of detective Uncle's disappearance—and makes strange discoveries	Deft flavoring of "supernatural," plenty of suspense, adequate blood-letting, and some wry humor with youthful dick really coming of age.	Satisfactory
MURDER'S WEB *Dorothy Dana* (Harper: $2.50)	Corpse thought to be missing Mo. millionaire turns up in his garage and starts train of killings stopped by local homicide squadder.	Suspicion expertly tossed from one character to another to surprise ending. Suspense at high tension all along and action incessant.	High grade
MAID TO MURDER *Roy Vickers* (Mill: $2.50)	Young Britisher, full of quinine, gets into murderous mixup with gang after fabulous gem he innocently purloins.	Streamlined action, pleasant hero, two lovely ladies, slightly unbelievable plot smoothly developed, but with rather cooked-up solution.	Fair

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the art—or even science—of politics as it applies to these United States beneath an exhausting survey of the machinery and gadgets that go to make up the Federal Government. For example, much is said about the operation of Congress—its structure, its procedures, its powers—but out of this entanglement there never emerges a clear picture of why Congress behaves as it does.

The book does have its positive value. It is up to date and complete enough to answer any question on governmental mechanics your daily newspaper is liable to raise. Its chapters on Washington's powerful and sometimes heavy hand in the national economy are done with considerable verve and discrimination by experts who were called in by the collaborators for that specialized contribution. If Messrs. Binkley and Moos have not produced the "grammar" they promised, they have nevertheless turned out a handy reference book.

KENTUCKY ON THE MARCH, by Harry W. Schachter. Harper. $3. That the Blue Grass State, so long celebrated in legend for her beauty and charm and so much damned in statistics for her backwardness and poverty, has begun of late to feel stirrings of social responsibility and the beginnings of a governmental and economic renascence is due in no small measure to the Committee for Kentucky and Harry Schachter, its president. It all started a few years ago when Mr. Schachter and some friends took the statistics seriously enough to want to do something to change them and their implications. The result was the Committee, a sort of non-partisan catch-all for practically every important nonpolitical organization in the state, and a program to remake Kentucky in the image of the twentieth century. By lining up merchants, farmers, labor unions, teachers, businessmen, the press, women's clubs, welfare workers, and what not against a host of menaces, such as illiteracy and industrial stagnation, the Committee has created what Mr. Schachter calls a "moral climate for progress" and given the Blue Grass country a new lease on life. This report on the Committee's efforts to date should inform undeservedly maligned "do-gooders" elsewhere about how things can be done, but the author's chatty prose and tendency to skim lightly over the surface of Kentucky's many problems left this reviewer with the vague feeling that the most interesting parts of the story for an out-of-state reader somehow got lost in descriptions of the Committee's procedures.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

The will gave her the Connecticut estate . . . but said nothing about the two murders that went with it!

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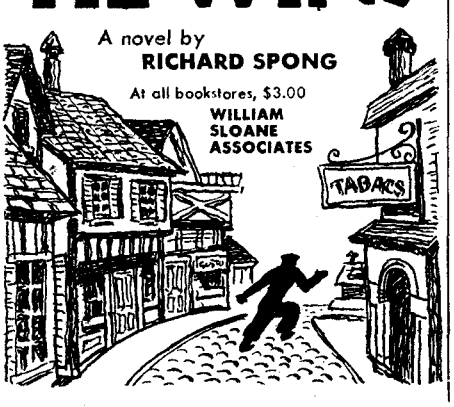

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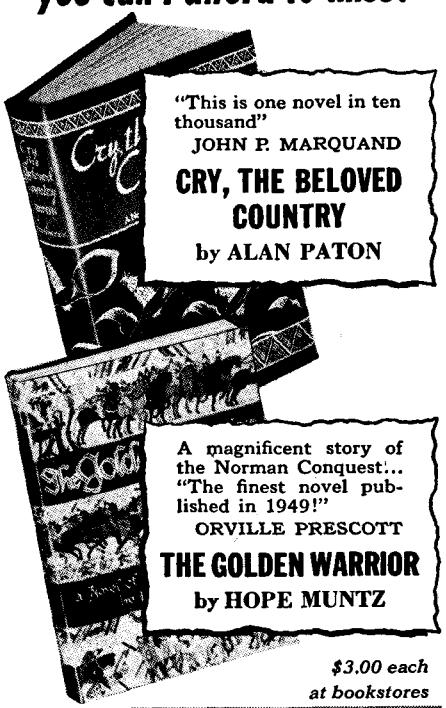

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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 21*)

Jacket," and, finally, into "Moby-Dick," where we see the emergence of Melville the myth-maker. "Moby-Dick," Arvin says, was Melville's endeavor to construct his own myth:

> Like a truly myth-making poet's, Melville's imagination was obsessed by the spectacle of a natural and human scene in which the instinctive need for order and meaning seems mainly to be confronted by meaninglessness and disorder; in which the human will seems sometimes to be sustained but oftener to be thwarted by the forces of physical nature, and even by agencies that lie behind it; in which goodness and evil, beneficence and destructiveness, light and darkness, seem baffingly intermixed.

Unable to find an adequate myth in his Calvinist Christianity Melville created his own magnificent myth in the White Whale himself.

Arvin's analysis of "Moby-Dick" is irreproachable. With originality he studies the animating metaphors and imagery of the novel, turns next to Melville's genius in word creation, and then plunges into the analysis of the book on four levels of significance: the literal, psychological, moral, and mythic. Although some of what he says appeared in books after his manuscript went to the printers, he in no way merely reduplicates earlier analyses. Like the entire book, this chapter on "Moby-Dick" is studded with wise perceptions.

His short section on "Pierre" exposes the weaknesses of that novel, but Arvin concedes that its "badness is an active and positive, not a merely negative one; it is the badness of misdirected and even perverted powers, but not of deficiency or deadness." Nor does Arvin find much recovery in Melville's writing for the next few years. He runs counter to the recent tendency to discover greatness in the lesser known works, and he admits only "Bartleby" to be first rate. "Benito Cereneo" he finds "weak and disappointing," while "The Confidence-Man" he finds to be "little more than a tantalizing scenario for a book that never came into being." With these and other judgments (as on "Israel Potter") there will be disagreement, but even in rebuttal one must respect the cogency and shrewdness of Arvin's arguments. He finds flaws with the precision of a dentist.

Original and interesting is the long study of Melville's poetry, in which Arvin finds much excellence. It would seem that this essay might clear the way for a full evaluation of Melville's poetic art.

In his account of Melville's emotional and psychological growth Arvin is both sensitive and informed. Especially arresting are the pages covering Melville's ancestral background, his boyhood years, and the severe trauma suffered from the bankruptcy, derangement, and death of his father, the ambiguous and troubled relations with his mother, the much misunderstood relationship to his devoted wife.

Like all previous biographers, Arvin made use of the novels to tell about Melville's adventures in the South Seas. More cautious than his predecessors, Arvin was aware of the danger this practice involved. Further scholarship will show that several of the events described as Melville's are in reality fictional creations or the experience of other travelers. Even Professor Anderson did not separate completely the autobiographical and fictional elements of the first five novels. But the corrections to be made are trivial; the essential portrait drawn by Arvin is accurate.

Let's be blunt: this is not just a first-rate book on the life and art of Melville; it is also a superb exercise of critical scholarship and an ornament to American letters.

Great Equals Great

THE ILIAD. Translated by W. H. D. Rouse. New York: New American Library. 309 *pp.* 35¢.

BY C. A. ROBINSON, JR.

A DISTINGUISHED English scholar, famous (I understand) for a direct method of teaching Latin that really works, has now given us this first-rate translation of one of the world's greatest poems. His recent version of the "Odyssey," which appears in a companion volume, has been widely praised for its use of natural, colloquial English, a judgment confirmed by my 600 students last fall. It is a great good fortune to be able to buy these fine translations for 35¢ apiece.

Having said that much, I must add that contemporaneity is no necessary criterion for me. Even if Homer was colloquial, he was also great, and a translation of him must therefore be great. I shall not enter into the other standards that should be applied to translations and shall let the reader define greatness for himself.

Achilles, who symbolizes the destiny of man, is the hero of the "Iliad." The poem's theme is how Achilles's

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temper led him both to disaster and moral degradation. This is the way Rouse renders the opening:

> An angry man — there is my story: the bitter rancour of Achilles, prince of the house of Peleus, which brought a thousand troubles upon the Achaian host. Many a strong soul it sent down to Hades, and left the heroes themselves a prey to dogs and carrion birds, while the will of God moved on to fulfilment. It began first of all with a quarrel between my Lord King Agamemnon of Atreus's line and the Prince Achilles.

The "standard" English version by Lang, Leaf, and Myers—which is not so popular with undergraduates because of its Biblical style—goes as follows:

> Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles Peleus's son, the ruinous wrath that brought on the Achaians woes innumerable, and hurled down into Hades many strong souls of heroes, and gave their bodies to be a prey to dogs and all winged fowls; and so the counsel of Zeus wrought out its accomplishment from the day when first strife parted Atreides king of men and noble Achilles.

Perhaps the best advice is to learn Greek, an injunction not as barren as generaly supposed.

Belles-Lettres Notes

SIR WALTER SCOTT, by Una Pope-Hennessy. Alan Swallow, Denver. $2. Even more than Stevenson's, Walter Scott's historical romances have dwindled to the pigmy stature of juveniles. "Who now reads Scott?," one might paraphrase the question that every generation asks about some literary predecessor. It is hard to see how the present book will stimulate the reader into picking Scott's novels off the shelves. Although the author has divided her slight book (one in The English Novelists Series) into two neat but arbitrary sections devoted to the man and to his works, the latter section is all confusion. The common reader would gain something—in such a brief scope—if she had given a simple, logical analysis of his important novels. Instead she discusses practically every one of his voluminous works, she attempts to unravel their permutations between first draft and final publication, and she gives a chaotic mixture of plot summaries, themes, backgrounds, and so on. Doubtless she knows a great deal about her subject; perhaps she knows too much.

PROUST'S WAY, by François Mauriac. Philosophical Library. $3. The title and the frontispiece of Proust should indicate that this brief essay is about the master of French fiction, but only about half is devoted to him (and includes some scraps of letters). The rest is devoted to a eulogy of Jacques Rivière, most famous as editor of the *NRF* (*Nouvelle Revue Française*). Mauriac sets him up as Proust's spiritual antagonist, asserting that Rivière's final religious certitude is right and Proust's godless universe is wrong. But to castigate Proust because he did not present a religious bias (since he did not feel one) is silly and adds nothing to our appreciation of his virtues or defects. As an essay it is disorganized, with a carping and unsympathetic tone. It is not improved by an inept translation, wretched typography, and an exorbitant price for 100 wide-margined, small pages. A promising title page—but a disappointing book.

READING A NOVEL, by Walter Allen. Alan Swallow, Denver. $1.25. This brief essay contains many sensible and enlightened observations on the modern novel. They sound rather obvious and shopworn, perhaps because Mr. Allen seems to address his remarks to the middle-brow (a term he overuses), whom he hopes to entice to better fiction than the lending libraries display. He discusses what the novel is, how it is written, and how it can be read creatively and critically. More fresh and stimulating is the last section of the book, where he analyzes six novels, including Virginia Woolf's "Between the Acts" and Mauriac's "A Woman of the Pharisees." These brief notes will appeal to all brows.

MEDIEVAL LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION, edited by Charles W. Jones. Longmans, Green. $6. This handy anthology of a thousand pages is probably intended for college classes but that is no reason why it should not delight and instruct the general (non-matriculated) reader. It covers a vast area of European literatures—from the end of the Roman Empire

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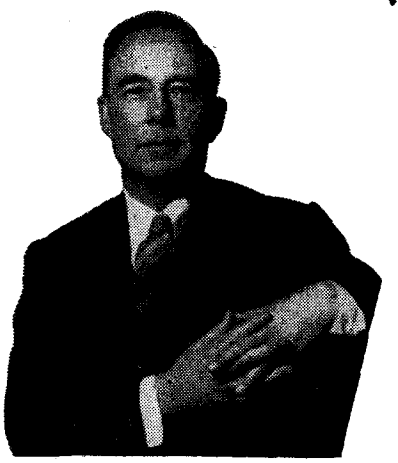
LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Lady Macbeth, in "Macbeth," by Shakespeare. 2. Edward Rochester, in "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë. 3. Uriah Heep, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. 4. Oliver Gant, in "Of Time and the River," by Thomas Wolfe. 5. "The Jumblies," by Edward Lear. 6. Hercules, in Greek Mythology. 7. Scarlett O'Hara, in "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell. 8. Joe Bonaparte, in "Golden Boy," by Clifford Odets. 9. "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. 10. "Freekles," by Gene Stratton Porter.



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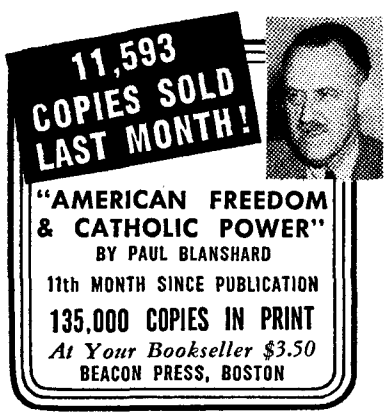

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to the beginning of the Renaissance. As Professor Jones states in his pithy and far too brief preface, "Geographical boundaries were provincial; linguistic cleavage followed the watersheds, not treaties." The diversity of language and dialects, Latin, Romance, and Germanic, and the absence of any great single figure until Dante—who is given the longest individual section—make this sort of material difficult for the reader to get at ordinarily. Every type of verse and prose is included and reflects the rich variety of medieval life and thought. Mr. Jones has chosen the best available translations and provides neat introductions. Subsidiary material, including maps and bibliographies, add to the usefulness of the volume.

MRS. GASKELL, by Yvonne ffrench. Alan Swallow, Denver. $2. Today Mrs. Gaskell is remembered, and perhaps read, as the author of "Cranford," a series of village sketches, and as the biographer of Charlotte Brontë. She wrote much more, for she was one of those phenomenally energetic Victorians, but her renown is slight. The range of her literary interests is curiously parallel to that of George Eliot, a far more serious and accomplished artist, and demonstrates how two novelists expressed—on different levels—the social, industrial, and moral problems of their time. But she had one quality that her earnest contemporary lacked, a subtle sense of humor, which at its best is equal to Jane Austen's. Miss ffrench's brief study, one of The English Novelists Series, is beyond cavil in its design and execution. She sketches Mrs. Gaskell's life and writings with a sharply focused eye and pen. Moreover, she succeeds in doing what is too rarely true in such studies: enthralling the reader in her volume and at the same time stimulating him to go directly to the writer's works. Her book is excellent as an end in itself and as the means of uncovering a minor novelist of major felicities.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

GREAT SHORT STORIES FROM THE WORLD'S LITERATURE, selected by Charles Neider. Rinehart. $3.50. For this anthology Mr. Neider has to a large degree astutely chosen less familiar stories by famous authors, a boon even to such a reader as has to a large degree astutely chosen present collection will surely test the catholicity of any reader, will offer a challenge to his literary tolerance. Here we have Sholom Aleichem rubbing shoulders with Balzac, De Quincey with Dostoievsky, Faulkner with Flaubert, Gide with Goldsmith, Heine with Hemingway, Henry James with Joyce, Kafka with Kleist, D. H. Lawrence with Lu Hsun, Thomas Mann

with Melville, Pirandello with Poe, Proust with Pushkin, Reymont with Rilke, Silone with Sartre (whose "The Wall," by the way, is superb), etc., etc. This is a mixed company, surely, but in the republic of letters they may hobnob and exchange views on the one verity which has engaged the attention of them all: human nature, eternal and infernal, magnificent and pesky, heroic and detestable, above all, fascinating, the stuff of all fictional art.

—JOHN COURNOS.

"THE YEARS OF WANDERING IN MANY LANDS AND CITIES," by Thomas Wolfe. Charles S. Boesen, New York. $10. This unusual book (and unusual sort of book) consists of an illuminating foreword (unsigned, but a collaboration between Mr. Boesen and George R. Preston) plus six mounted facsimile reproductions of Thomas Wolfe's notes of his travels. The foreword quotes "Of Time and the River": "He would get up in the middle of the night to scrawl down insane catalogues of all that he had seen and done: the number of books he had read, the number of miles he had traveled . . . , the number of towns he had visited, the number of states he had been in." The scrawls, not of Eugene Gant, but of Thomas Wolfe, follow. There is a rough map covering the world from Los Angeles to Innsbruck with names of places visited and dates of visits—it totals "19,000 miles up to 20th year," and it is followed by five more pages of tables, all on yellow scratch paper except the last two, which are on the letterhead of the Empress Hotel, Victoria, B.C. The final date listed, July 6, is followed by no place name. Thomas Wolfe had done with places. On that same day in 1938 he was taken to a hospital and the record of his travels ended as the travels themselves ended. "There was in Wolfe," Mr. Boesen comments in his admirable foreword, "a demoniac exultation at the prospect of going somewhere—anywhere—and of telling others how exciting it was. . . This obsession is uniquely exemplified in these manuscript pages."

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

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the Phoenix Nest

LIKE WINDS OF SUMMER SIGHING

(For Willa Cather, Author of "April Twilights," Died April 1947)

HOW many shining Aprils.
Have passed since last we heard,
The music of your singing,
More sweet than any bird.

Now in this rain-filled hour,
With spring upon the tree,
The music of your singing,
Sings back again to me.

For every leaf and flower,
The wild bird, wheeling, flying,
Are all your graciousness of song,
Like winds of summer sighing.

—ISABELLE ANN L. KFOURY.

* * *

BOUQUETS

Congratulations to *Collier's* for the recent editorial on Generalissimo Francisco Franco, of Spain, who has so many press agents in this country. The editorial was called "Lest We Forget." We have forgotten a great deal. "Of course," says *Collier's*, "Franco is anti-Communist. He is also an anti-democrat. And if anti-Communism has become the only requirement for entrance into the North American Alliance, then maybe it is time for the members of that alliance to re-examine their statement of noble purposes, and perhaps revise it." Franco, as *Collier's* points out, and as Americans should never forget, was "the creature and protégé of Mussolini and Hitler. . . . Franco was not a neutral. . . . And we recall three first-hand accounts of his successful efforts to aid his masters in Rome and Berlin. . . . There are surely many more like them, all involving the cheerfully conniving Francisco Franco, 'Caudillo by the Grace of God,' and all ending with the death of American men." The colored cartoon by Miguel Covarrubias of Franco, with his pretense of piety and actual heart of ice, is excellent, too!

I have long thought the *New Republic*'s commentator from Washington, who signs himself modestly T. R. B. (and I haven't the slightest idea who he is) is one of the sanest, best-tempered, and shrewdest analyzers of the politics in that unbelievable city. Consistently, through all changes of *New Republic* editorship, he has opened the door to each number with humor and wisdom that cannot disguise a real fighting spirit.

I certainly hand a big bouquet to Judge Dorothy Kenyon for her reply to Senator McCarthy, who was once going to become a heavy-weight prize-fighter but was tactfully non-present when she testified.

A bouquet to Vladimir Petrov for writing "Soviet Gold," which seems to me to be an especially honest account of someone railroaded to Siberia. Sometimes it is so factual and unexcited as to be almost dry. It is one of the most horrifying books I have ever read. There is no hope for those slaves.

But no bouquet to the moving picture higher command censoring "The Bicycle Thief" for the provinces. It is one of the best pictures I have ever seen. And what prurient petticoated old auntie prevailed on grown men to forbid people to look at it? One of the things that makes us ridiculous in the eyes of any grown-up nation!

* * *

Mackaye to Romulo

—*Leo Choplin.*

APRIL 23 before the Central Park statue of Shakespeare a copy of the Memorial Edition of "The Mystery of Hamlet, King of Denmark: or What We Will" was presented by Percy Mackaye, its author, to General Carlos P. Romulo, President of the U.N. General Assembly (shown at left with Sigurd Christensen, Danish Consul General, Bond Wheelwright, publisher of the volume, and Sir Francis Evans, British Consul General). The event marked the publication date of Mr. Mackaye's tetralogy, which had been set to coincide with the 386th anniversary of the Bard's birth or death (accounts differ).

Interest was added to the ceremony by the fact that Mr. Mackaye's father, Steele Mackaye, a noted Shakespearean actor, had posed for the statue, the work of John Quincy Adams Ward, first president of the National Sculpture Society. Both the sculptor and his model were engaged in Civil War combat by the time the statue was unveiled, and were given leave to attend the dedication. Once before —on April 23, 1916—this bronze Shakespeare had witnessed a Percy Mackaye celebration, a ceremony commemorating his opera "Caliban," then playing at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York City.

SPRING SONG

By April mist
be not misled
or the first green fist
in the crocus bed.

Spring's not about
until the day
an old man's out
scuff-scuffing his way.

His cheeks gone white,
his knuckles like stones,
his skin drawn tight,
hugging his bones.

His coat too big,
no shape to his hat—
he cares not a fig
for trifles like that.

There's a glimmer of pride
in his watery eye,
a triumph to guide
his footsteps by.

In the warmth of the sun
aches melt to a splinter,
for he diced and won
with old man winter.

O bobolink cheer
O rivulet sing
the joy to be here
for one more spring.

—KATHARINE O'BRIEN.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. A mixture of bole, bloodstone, and galena, used as a gilding surface (bookbinding; French).

B. City in Belgium.

C. Original name of Ottawa, Canada (renamed in 1854).

D. Military leader in World War II, now an educator.

E. Flowering again; esp. applied to roses that bloom more than once in a season (hort.).

F. A grove or clump of trees; an orchard (India).

G. German philosopher; introduced term "Gestalt" into psychology (1859-1932).

H. Lying overlapped; like bud scales, or leaves in estivation (bot.).

I. What Byron in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" calls Rome as "lone mother of dead empires" (with "of nations").

J. Registers; records (2 wds.).

K. Novel by Virginia Woolf, 1937.

L. Army officer, prominent in World War I, Paris Peace Conference; in 1942, permanent chairman of Inter-American Defense Board (1877-).

M. *Hedera helix* plants (2 wds.).

WORDS

14 67 143 120 2 10 152 48

131 179 91 15 126

165 50 11 79 94 101

27 106 121 169 147 1 130 187 39 60

3 69 49 17 28 29 167 180 154

8 37 177 110

102 12 32 4 78 107 16 45 96

20 117 76 133 127 170 89 40 74 184 112

43 153 30 144 35

156 25 57 88 135 72 31 83

138 41 161 77 13 9 113 93

87 38 136 33 163 47

7 175 137 34 63 140 24

DEFINITIONS

N. Author of epic trilogy "The Torch Bearers."

O. Agrees or assents to a proposal or view.

P. Island off tip of Brittany (naval battles, English-French, 1778, 1794).

Q. The chewink (Eastern N.A.).

R. Inflammation at the root or side of a nail (med.).

S. A side road.

T. First word in title of K. M. von Weber's famous waltz.

U. Markedly deviating from the normal or standard.

V. Deceived; tricked; fleeced (slang).

W. A native who has abandoned civilization (Phil. Is.).

X. Beside the mark; out of order.

Y. Sprites who delight in leading people astray (Eng. folklore).

Z. English physician and anatomist, discoverer of the circulation of the blood (1578-1657).

Z¹. An ascetic (Hinduism).

WORDS

53 100 23 164 71

59 122 129 116 168 186 84

58 128 150 92 73 85

22 51 149 98 123 134

139 158 166 125 86 155 97 146 6

55 109 52 151 66

174 119 26 42 181 82 108 46 54 162

178 18 104 173 142 68 99

148 157 105 183 171 64

70 145 90 103 124 62 95 159 182

141 80 118 19 36

172 185 21 56 81 75

160 65 115 111 176 61

114 132 44 5

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

		1 D	2 A	3 E	4 G		5 Z¹		6 R	7 M	8 F		9 K	10 A		11 C
12 G	13 K		14 A	15 B	16 G		17 E	18 U		19 X	20 H	21 Y	22 Q	23 N		24 M
25 J	26 T	27 D	28 E		29 E	30 I		31 J	32 G	33 L	34 M	35 I		36 X	37 F	38 L
39 D	40 H	41 K	42 T	43 I	44 Z¹		45 G	46 T	47 L	48 A		49 E	50 C		51 Q	52 S
53 N		54 T	55 S	56 Y	57 J	58 P	59 O	60 D	61 Z		62 W	63 M	64 V	65 Z	66 S	67 A
	68 U	69 E	70 W	71 N	72 J	73 P		74 H	75 Y		76 H	77 K		78 G	79 C	
80 X	81 Y	82 T	83 J	84 O		85 P	86 R	87 L		88 J	89 H	90 W	91 B		92 P	93 K
	94 C	95 W	96 G		97 R	98 Q	99 U		100 N	101 C	102 G		103 W	104 U		105 V
106 D	107 G	108 T	109 S		110 F	111 Z	112 H	113 K	114 Z¹		115 Z	116 O	117 H	118 X	119 T	120 A
121 D	122 O	123 Q	124 W	125 R	126 B		127 H	128 P		129 O	130 D	131 B	132 Z¹	133 H	134 Q	135 J
	136 L	137 M		138 K	139 R	140 M	141 X	142 U	143 A		144 I	145 W	146 R	147 D	148 V	
149 Q	150 P	151 S	152 A		153 I	154 E		155 R	156 J		157 V	158 R	159 W		160 Z	161 K
162 T	163 L	164 N		165 C	166 R		167 E		168 O	169 D	170 H	171 V	172 Y	173 U	174 T	175 M
176 Z		177 F	178 U	179 B	180 E	181 T		182 W	183 V		184 H	185 Y	186 O	187 D		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

ORDINARILY a press luncheon sponsored by a commercial organization produces no more than a luncheon for the press and a lengthy interruption in an otherwise busy day. However, the one recently attended by thirty-five or so persons in the record-reviewing trade in New York at the behest of RCA Victor had some significance for the public. It was, in effect, a let's-start-with-a-clean-slate luncheon, in which the "new administration" headed by Paul Barkmeier put forward its credentials and sought to indicate the way it was going to service the public out of RCA's vast resources of men, masters, and material.

It appears to be an avowed part of the program for RCA to make available any and all masters for which there is a suitable demand. It is proposed that some system of sampling be instituted to predetermine the order in which such projects should be undertaken and the potential demand in each case. Whether it can best be done through a ballot system or by encouraging actual orders, I couldn't say. What is essential, however, is that it be done in a way that promises durable results over a period of time. It should certainly not be done in a way that begins with a maximum effort, as in the case of the Heritage Series, and tapers to nothing within a relatively short period of time.

My feeling is that in an organization of RCA's size and resources—a combination of elements that puts it almost in the class of a public utility, since one must "travel RCA" if one wants to get to Rachmaninoff and back—there should be a place for a research on repertory department. It should be run, for a change, by someone who not only knows business but records, too; and it should make an intelligent effort to find out what the public wants and when. Let the orders be taken by the shops, so that they profit from the whole operation, but let the company take the responsibility for following through on this promise, rather than permitting it to languish as just another well-meant idea which turns out to be "impractical."

This was not the primary purpose of the gathering, which was to assure the public, through the press, that RCA's long-playing program and its 45-rpm system were not mutually exclusive, that both would be pursued "seriously." We accept the assurances, and await the evidence.

—IRVING KOLODIN,
MUSIC EDITOR.

MAY 1950

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Bach's Royal Instrument

Volume II—Trio Sonata No. 1 in E-Flat Major; Trio Sonata No. 2 in C Minor; Prelude and Fugue in G Major ("The Great") (Peters, Vol. II, No. 2); Prelude and Fugue in B Minor ("The Great") (Peters, Vol. II, No. 10). E. Power Biggs (Organ) (Recorded in Symphony Hall, Boston). ML 4285

Chaconne

from Sonata No. 4 in D Minor for Unaccompanied Violin (Transcribed for piano by Ferruccio Busoni). (With Beethoven: Sonata No. 6 in F Major, Op. 10, No. 2.) Egon Petri (Piano). ML 2049

Concerto in D Minor

for Two Violins and Orchestra. Adolph Busch and Frances Magnes (Violins) with the Busch Chamber Players.

Concerto No. 2 in E Major

(for Violin and Orch.) Adolf Busch (Violin) with the Busch Chamber Players. ML 4002

Concerto No. 1 in D Minor

Joseph Szigeti (Violin) accompanied by members of the Orchestra of the New Friends of Music, conducted by Fritz Stiedry.

Sonata No. 5 in C Major

for Violin Unaccompanied. Joseph Szigeti (Violin). ML 4286

Komm, Süsser Tod

(In SACRED SONGS BY HELEN TRAUBEL.) Helen Traubel (Soprano) with Orchestra conducted by Charles O'Connell. ML 4117

Motets and Chorales

Motet VI—Psalm 117, Lobet Den Herrn Alle Heiden; In Dulce Jubilo (Chorale); Passion Chorale (Chorale); Ein' Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott (Chorale); Komm, Jesu, Komm (Motet). Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, Director.
ML 2102

Organ Music of Bach

Prelude and Fugue in E-Flat Major; Fugue in D Minor; Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor; Toccata in F Major. E. Power Biggs (Organ) (Recorded in St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, N. Y.)
ML 4097

Sacred Arias of Johann Sebastian Bach

Agnus Dei; Esurentes Implevit Bonis; Qui Sedes; Et Exultavit. (With Mahler: Songs of A Wayfarer.) Carol Brice (Contralto) with Daniel Saidenberg conducting the Columbia Broadcasting Concert Orchestra. ML 4108

Sonata No. 1 in G Minor

for Violin Unaccompanied. (With Beethoven: Sonata No. 8 in G Major, Op. 30, No. 3.) Tossy Spivakovsky (Violin). ML 2089

Suite No. 2 in B Minor

for Flute and Strings. (With Mozart: Symphony No. 35 in D Major—K. 385—"Haffner".) Sebastian Caratelli (Flute) with Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. ML 4156

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

Berlioz and The Bard

JACQUES BARZUN

"TO be past forty and not know 'Hamlet' is like having spent one's life in a coal-mine!" Thus wrote Berlioz in the 1860's about some friends at whose house he was going to read the play aloud—they knew none of it but the name. When we think of the nineteenth century as one of Shakespeare idolatry we forget what limits of place, provincialism, and educated ignorance confine even a world reputation. It was not merely the French of that day who neglected the poet; Berlioz tells us also that his Irish friend Balfe, the composer of "The Bohemian Girl," had just "discovered" Shakespeare in the Fifties. And the performances, comments, and interpretations then current often seemed to Berlioz in the last degree discouraging about the fate of art.

His own discovery dated back to 1827, when the first English actors to win success in Paris had brought to the young Romantics "Hamlet" and "Romeo," together with "Jane Shore" and "The Rivals." From that moment, Berlioz was not only an admirer and an evangelist, but in a very real sense a disciple. Shakespearean form and something that may be called the Shakespearean temperament were to be integral elements of Berlioz's art.

When the revelation came, it was of course combined with the living charm of the beautiful Ophelia, Harriet Smithson, who in time would become Madame Berlioz, but even at the earliest date it was the spell of Shakespeare that kept Berlioz infatuated with a woman he had never met, and not the woman who endowed Shakespeare with power over Berlioz's mind. After seeing a couple of performances the young composer begins at once to learn English and to qualify as one of the most thorough readers and users of Shakespeare that the world has ever seen. For his work then in progress—"Eight Scenes from Goethe's 'Faust' "—he chooses a number of Shakespearean mottoes,

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Hector Berlioz—"Shakespeare was a god in the antique sense."

and thenceforth we can trace the poet's words in all that Berlioz wrote and composed, down to "Beatrice and Benedict," adapted by himself from "Much Ado," and the last page of the "Memoirs," which ends with "Life's But a Walking Shadow."

This lifelong study of the poet-dramatist by the music-dramatist had a quasi-religious quality as well as an artistic significance. Shakespeare's work served Berlioz through life as a secular scripture—a book of devotions, for Berlioz felt as central to his being and creativeness the debt he owed the playwright for his liberation. It was Shakespeare who woke him from the dogmatic slumbers induced by eighteenth-century French criticism and who taught him the "versatility of form" that he needed for his musical purposes. The lesson was not merely that one could disregard unity of place and continuity of action in dramatic works, but that every established genre in a given art could find room within drama provided there was sound reason for the choice. The uneven texture that resulted was a merit, not a flaw: just as in Shakespeare's "Romeo" there are two prologues, two sonnets, prose and poetry, eloquence and catchwords, couplet and blank verse, so in the "Romeo" of Berlioz, which neither illustrates nor resembles the original, we find a transposition answering to the same esthetic principle. This principle Berlioz never abandoned, in spite of his century's return to older models and his nation's prevailingly opposite tradition. When he inaugurated the "serial idea" in "Les Troyens," whose subject matter is drawn from Virgil's "Aeneid," his remark was that the double drama with characters from the first recurring in the second was nothing new: it followed the scheme of Shakespeare's histories. And Berlioz's increasing mastery in fashioning librettos and making lyrical ideas develop into drama grew with his knowledge of the poet.

AT THE same time Berlioz's admiring discipleship was no piece of secret self-identification which hides personal conceit under an attachment to a great name. Shakespeare was a god in the antique sense, like Virgil and Beethoven, and Berlioz continued to think of himself as a mortal. Still, the choice of our idols, if it is conscious and free, defines something in us—a kinship or an opposition; we may seek something we lack or something close to what we possess. In Berlioz's relation to Shakespeare it is safe to say that the link through similarity is the suggestive one, and English critics such as W. J. Turner and Francis Toye have not hesitated to dwell on the likeness. This cannot be taken as sacrilege once it is agreed that the Shakespeare who is under discussion is the great but fallible writer of plays, not the fish-eyed figure of the schoolbook whose name is merely a synonym for: "Supreme! And don't let's hear another word about it!"

The question of great power allied

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to great imperfections is of course the significant one for critics. From Shakespeare's time to ours—that is, from Ben Jonson to John Crowe Ransom—competent judges of literature have not ceased to point out Shakespeare's singular combination of mastery and ineptitude. He is said to be transcendent and also crude, careless, vulgar, incoherent, rhetorical, exaggerated, naive, cheap, obscure, unphilosophical, and addicted to bad puns and revolting horrors. Dryden, who admired Shakespeare just as Wagner admired Berlioz, found his master's phrases "scarcely intelligible; and of those which we understand some are ungrammatical, others coarse; and his whole style is so pestered with figurative expressions that it is as affected as it is obscure."

The remarkable fact, of course, is that these faults, any one of which would be enough to sink an ordinary writer into oblivion, did not keep Shakespeare from exacting and receiving the highest praise—often at the hands of the very same critics—and from rising ultimately to a position where we simultaneously see his faults and see that they do not matter. Nor is this double vision to be called idolatry; it comes rather from the knowledge that each critic and each age finds Shakespeare's flaws in different places, and that the blemishes seen from one point of view turn into marks of genius when seen from another. This, if anything, is the meaning of the conclusion so often repeated that Shakespeare transcends criticism, baffles our judgment, and outtops knowledge.

PERHAPS because Shakespeare was a writer—hence more amenable to diverse uses, including that of supreme academic hobbyhorse — criticism has not inquired whether his art is unique in the respects cited above or whether by those tokens it belongs to a class. The architecture of the cathedral occurs at once as presenting similar contrasts of crudity and finish, so that in one sense Gothic and Shakespearean are interchangeable terms and do define a class. We easily understand why Henry Adams juxtaposed twelfth-century stained glass and Delacroix; it is for the same reason that the parallel between Shakespeare and Berlioz is hard to resist.

Had the objections to Berlioz's taste, judgment, and knowledge, no less than to his sense of form, harmony, and counterpoint, been artistically founded they, too, would long ago have made an end of him. But from his own day, as Schumann bears witness, the "inevitability" of these presumed errors and the power of the music with all its flaws have had to be acknowledged. For Berlioz as for Shakespeare there has been a reversal of opinion on details formerly thought settled beyond appeal; his crudities have turned into subtleties, his noise into melody, his harmonic ignorance into bold forecasting of methods now current. Since at the beginning critics faced the necessity of accounting for Berlioz's baffling power, there grew up the hypothesis (still in the textbooks) of a volcanic genius, imperfectly educated, in whose work fine inspirations abound, though always in a context of sulphur and brimstone. But thus did the eighteenth century talk about Shakespeare's wild untutored genius, regret that he "wanted art," and deplore his taste for the macabre.

The parallel, let it be said again, does not mean that Shakespeare and Berlioz are identical but that their respective works may be usefully compared as cultural phenomena. We may liken them as "makers of great imperfect dramas," of "flawed masterpieces"—the term does not matter so long as we use it to trace indicative consequences. Can it be simple coincidence, for example, that it was through reiterated performance, instigated by great actors or great conductors, that both Shakespeare and Berlioz finally found fit critics? And by an involvement which only strengthens the bond between the pair, it was the men of Berlioz's own time who forced the last step in Shakespeare's canonization. Scott, Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Goethe, Herder, and Berlioz himself had to combat their fathers' diffidence, and (to use Goethe's expression) "labor long to show him in a good light." It was they who destroyed the "clumsy genius" hypothesis and made good in its place Coleridge's assertion that in Shakespeare "the form [is] equally admirable with the matter, and the judgment of the great poet not less deserving of our wonder than his genius."

The reader of Shakespeare and hearer of Berlioz will find for himself a good many other facts connecting the two and confirming the suggestion of a Shakespearean temperament producing art of the "Gothic" sort. The notion at any rate explains what is "mysteriously unsatisfying" about some of the greatest artists and why it is that their afterfame is so uneven. One thinks of Rabelais, Bach, and Rembrandt, as well as of Shakespeare, Delacroix, and Berlioz.

As regards the last-named, it is not enough to murmur "Shakespearean" and hope to suspend criticism. One must also recognize the peculiar property of dramatic form. For it can be shown that the combination of a rough, diversified artistry with

—*Bettmann Archive.*

A contemporary jibe at Berlioz—"his crudities have turned into subtleties, his noise into melody."

objective drama accounts historically for much of the resistance to Berlioz. It accounts for the paradox that he is known at once for his wire-drawn refinements and for being "absolutely devoid of taste." No one can repeat for him the cliché which has served for Shakespeare that he deliberately composed his works in layers of increasing fineness corresponding to social gradations—puns for the pit and philosophy for the earls. The cliché is almost certainly false for Shakespeare too. What we have in both instances is the state of mind of the dramatist working at an "open" form, which demands fine tooling close by relaxed effort, a willingness to let a flat motive do duty side by side with concise or delicate workmanship. And by inversion it would seem plausible to reconsider that other stereotype of Shakespeare as a careless writer, for we know full well how Berlioz polished and revised scores that have been judged careless. Why suppose that Shakespeare alone among writers could reach the sublime as the pen runs? Does not Jonson-of-the-blotter himself speak in his "Memorial Verses" of Shakespeare's "sweat" and "true-filed lines"? Whatever be the fact, it is evident that in both artists there was a purposeful abdication of sophisticated taste in order to make the finished work approximate the reality sought for.

It is this ultimate naturalism which is both Berlioz's strength and his weakness. Since it is his fundamental outlook on the world which makes him a naturalist of this type, we are not wrong to feel that he is unsatisfying, his naturalism being but the outward

(*Continued on page 61*)

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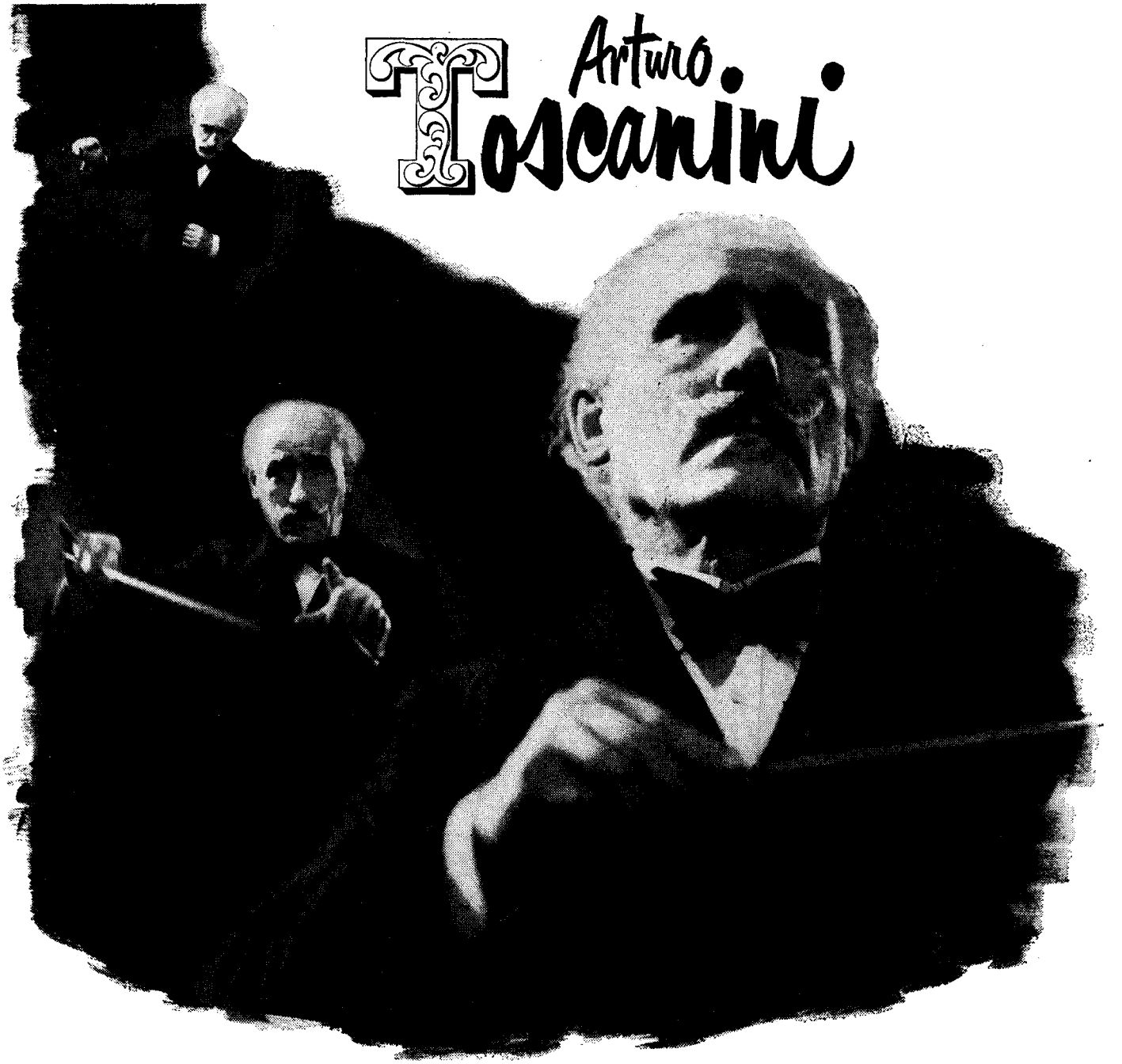

Arturo Toscanini

There is almost nothing in human experience to compare with the deep devotion in the music he brings us. On Red Seal recordings more than seventy Toscanini performances are yours to treasure. This list, especially selected for Saturday Review readers, is one which illustrates the many facets of his genius. These recordings are all available on 45 rpm, conventional, and Long (33⅓) Play records.

Symphony No. 41, in C ("Jupiter")—Mozart. DM and WDM 1080. **Rossini Overtures.** DM and WDM 1037.

Leonore Overture No. 3, Op. 72a—Beethoven. DM and WDM 1098.

Grand Canyon Suite—Grofé. DM and WDM 1038.

***Roméo et Juliette*, Op. 17**—Berlioz. DM and WDM 1160.

Symphony No. 9 in C—Schubert. DM and WDM 1167.

Symphony No. 35, in D ("Haffner")—Mozart. DM and WDM 1172.

Roméo and Juliet—Tchaikovsky. DM and WDM 1178.

Symphony No. 6 ("Pathétique")—Tchaikovsky. DM and WDM 1281.

Manfred: Overture, Op. 115—Schumann, and **Overture to Consecration of the House, in C, Op. 124**—Beethoven. DM and WDM 1287.

Divertimento No. 15, in B-Flat, K. 287, for Strings and Two Horns—Mozart. DM and WDM 1355.

Symphony No. 101, in D ("Clock")—Haydn. Final side: **Scherzo** from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—Mendelssohn. DM and WDM 1368.

Manfred, Op. 58 (Symphonic Poem)—Tchaikovsky. DM and WDM 1372.

***Daphnis and Chloe* Suite No. 2**—Ravel. DM and WDM 1374.

Symphony No. 3, in E-Flat ("Eroica")—Beethoven. DM and WDM 1375.

Parsifal: Prelude and Good Friday Spell—Wagner. DM and WDM 1376.

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Recordings in Review

Falstaff, Part and Parcel

VERDI: *"Falstaff." Mario Rossi conducting the orchestra of Radio Italiana, with a cast including Giuseppe Taddei (Falstaff), Saturno Meletti (Ford), Emilio Renzi (Fenton), Lina Pagliughi (Nanetta), Amalia Pini (Dame Quickly), and Rosanna Carteri (Mistress Ford).* (Cetra-Soria LP album 1207, $17.85.)

VERDI: *"Falstaff" excerpts. Mariano Stabile (Falstaff), with La Scala Orchestra conducted by Alberto Erede.* (Capitol-Telefunken album ECL 8073, $5.)

In justice to all concerned, it may be noted that these observations on the historic complete "Falstaff" on LP, and the equally historic if far from complete Stabile excerpts, are written on March 31, B.T.—that is to say, Before Toscanini. To compare this existing matter with the expectably superlative and probably ephemeral radio performances of Toscanini would be to invoke special standards and, likely, insupportable comparisons. Should RCA Victor eventually produce that "Falstaff" on records we will be grateful. At the moment, our gratitude is wholly absorbed by Cetra-Soria for undertaking this important task and seeing it through to such a splendid outcome.

Why "important"? Simply because "Falstaff" is an unchallengeable masterwork which has been denied its proper recognition because, I think, Verdi wrote too many masterworks. From this recording may come the impulse for revaluation of a work as rich as "Figaro," as unique as "Fidelio," as full of music as, say, "Die Meistersinger." The previous version of the Thirties, by Molajoli, was listenable because there was no other. This will be listenable whatever others come, including the purely speculative Toscanini.

The factors which contribute to this judgment are threefold; in order of importance, the decisive, well-paced conducting of Mario Rossi, the acutely responsive and clean reproduction, the brilliantly resourceful Falstaff of Giuseppe Taddei. Were one or another of these weak, the whole enterprise would fail. But Taddei has the voice to be pathetic or flamboyant, eager or depressed, proud or humble—all of which Verdi expected of his Falstaff—and the engineers have reproduced him admirably in a proper frame of

ensemble work evoked with a sure hand by Rossi.

What Taddei may look like or how he might deliver this part in the theatre I don't know, nor very much care. On these records, he is lustfully forceful, ingeniously ardent, able to deliver "L'Onore" with contempt or the Falstaffian falsetto of "Io son di Sir John Falstaff" with ease and proper character. Maletti is a splendid Ford, and Pagliughi a fluent Nanetta. Beyond these, there can be quibbles with the Amneris-like voice of Amalia Pini as Dame Quickly, the strained Fenton of Renzi; but they are no more than incidents in a performance of fine spirit, acute musicality, and, in the case of Taddei, outstanding ability. No recording from Italy has matched this one in clarity, incisiveness, and general adherence to the best contemporary standards. For another detail: surface sound is virtually nonexistent. Each set contains an Italian-English libretto.

Stabile's repute as Falstaff is completely supported by these decade-old excerpts—"L'Onore! Ladri," "Ehi taverniere," and the duet with Ford (Afro Poli)—but the interest of them is largely for the connoisseur who may be interested in matching a specific episode against its counterpart by another singer. "Quand'ero paggio" is listed as among the excerpts, but the album I received presented a part of the duet with Ford, repeated. Erede's conducting is able enough, but without Rossi's incisiveness, and the recording offers more voice, less orchestra than the more recent one (1949) of Cetra-Soria.

This Month's Haydn

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 53 ("Imperial"). Leopold Stokowski conducting his orchestra.* (RCA Victor set 1352, $3.50; 45 rpm, $2.20.)

HAYDN: *Symphonies No. 77 (B flat) and 78 (C minor). Henry Swoboda conducting the Concert Hall Symphony Orchestra.* (Concert Hall LP 30, $4.85.)

HAYDN: *Symphonies No. 94 ("Surprise") and No. 100 ("Military"). Both played by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, with Sir Malcolm Sargent and Hugo Rignold conducting.* (Columbia LP 4276, $4.85.)

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 103 ("Drumroll"). George Solti conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* (London LP 103, $4.95.)

If I were a music-lover with a budget I would start immediately to create a supplementary budget to be spent on nothing but the works of Franz Joseph Haydn. I say that in view not only of present riches but of past poverty—and the fear that one fine morning we may awaken to find that all these soul-stirring and heart-warming works are just a mirage, and don't really exist at all. As one who endured periods in which a Haydn symphony a year was good going, I am minded to advise: beg, borrow, or maybe even steal—but don't let one of these get away.

I include in that sweeping judgment all the works, for their essential worth, and almost all the performances. Most certainly I include the Stokowski which is so orderly and tasteful that one doubts the identification. However, I actually heard him do it with the Philharmonic last year and have been waiting in hope since. It's a completely disarming, movement-to-a-short-side work, which is full of instrumental felicities beautifully reproduced on the 45 rpm discs I heard. "Sleeping Beauty" quality in the tone and not likely to be surpassed, ever.

The Concert Hall effort is notable for the interest of the material, the bright quality of the recording, and—generally speaking—the acceptable performance. Occasionally Swoboda misjudges a tempo, as at the end of movement one of the Symphony No. 77, and some of the splices are uneven, but on the whole a disc much worth having. If something about the slow movement of No. 77 seems reminiscent, I'd say "Il mio tesoro" is the answer.

Sargent's "Surprise" has been with us for some time, though the LP treatment is new. It is excellent in pace and good, honest care but it doesn't have quite the zest of the Schmidt-Isserstedt for Capitol-Telefunken. However, it does have the added interest of being coupled with a straightforward, well-comprehended playing of the favorite "Military," which hasn't been a current release since Walter's Vienna Philharmonic album of the mid-Thirties. Rignold has a sound, workmanlike approach to his task; the orchestra is first class and the reproduction of prime quality.

The "Drumroll" with its dominant-tonic opening so suggestive of Beetho-

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ven's No. 1 is of slightly more recent duplication in a Leslie Heward for Columbia. However, Solti is a more incisive conductor here, and the body, clarity, and resonance of the recording are notably good. Shame on London, however, for breaking the slow movement half way through! I know all about distortion, but how about a twelve-inch disc with a couple of overtures at the end?

And Toscanini's Makes Seven

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 101 in D ("The Clock"); with* MOZART: *Symphony No. 35 in D ("Haffner"). Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Orchestra.* (RCA Victor LP 1038, $5.45; 78 rpm [Haydn only] album 1368, $6; 45 rpm, $4.30.)

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony in E flat, No. 3 ("Eroica"). As above.* (RCA Victor LP 1042, $5.45; 78 rpm album 1375, $8.50; 45 rpm, $6.20.)

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Manfred" Symphony. As above.* (RCA Victor LP 1037, $5.45; 78 rpm album 1372, $7.25; 45 rpm, $5.25.)

WAGNER: *Prelude and "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal." As above.* (RCA Victor LP 15, $4.45; 78 rpm, 1376, $4.75; 45 rpm, $3.35.)

Of all the issues in the present Haydn revival, none is more welcome than this historic one from the hand of Toscanini—historic because it reproduces the amazing qualities of the famous older one with the Philharmonic, and also because it is the first LP from the Toscanini repertory that has come to hand. It is in almost every way triumphant—the "almost" respecting a certain deadness of sound I would ordinarily attribute to 8H. I am informed, however, that it is the product of a smaller studio, 3A. This has somewhat more resonance than 8H at its worst but not enough to give sheen and vibrance to the sound. My conclusions on this point may be found in a reaction to a recent live concert by the Maestro (page 55).

Otherwise, there is a longish pause midway in the slow movement (where the splicing has lagged) for perhaps two seconds. This didn't use to count as much of an interruption, but when the performance has the over-all pace and integration of this one, two seconds are consequential. RCA has done very well in coupling the "Clock" with the "Haffner," of which the performance is equally recognizable as Toscanini's, and the sound a tribute to the same Studio 3A.

Happily, there are fewer reserva-

(*Continued on page 56*)

French Grab-bag

RAVEL: *"Shéhérazade." Jennie Tourel, with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein.* (Columbia LP 4289, $4.85.)

RAVEL: *"Daphnis et Chloe" Suite No. 2. Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor LP [with BEETHOVEN: "Leonore" Overture No. 3] 1043, $5.45; 78 rpm album 1374, $3.50; 45 rpm, $2.40.)

SAUGUET, ETC.: *"Mouvements du Coeur." Doda Conrad, bass.* (REB Editions LP 2, $5.95.)

POULENC: *"Le Bal Masqué." Warren Galjour, baritone, with instrumental ensemble conducted by Edvard Fendler.* (Esoteric LP 2000, $3.85.)

RAVEL in the Bernstein manner was first revealed two years ago in an arresting, highly untraditional recorded interpretation of the Piano Concerto in G. Though this American translation differed from the French original in several respects, its brassy *éclat* and imaginative honky-tonk lyricism easily outweighed any question of authenticity. For the sake of such vital re-creative invention one gladly forsook the scruples of tradition. In his Columbia debut Leonard Bernstein has done the trick again with an interpretation of "Shéhérazade" which gleams with bright passion. The focus of attention here is obviously a voluptuous Bagdad, not the rarefied atmosphere of *fin-de-siècle* Paris. Whether the score calls for barbaric intensity or languid seductiveness, the Tourel-Bernstein partnership succeeds in squeezing every drop of exotic nectar. The collaboration of Suzanne Danco and Ernest Ansermet on a London waxing of some months ago yielded cooler, more objective results—a reading which was plainly tailored in the Parisian manner. Both interpretations are treasurable; a commentator would be foolhardy to pronounce judgment as to which is "best." However, the Columbia has the dual advantage of brilliant LP reproduction and the Moussorgsky "Songs and Dances of Death," sung by Tourel, on the reverse.

To find fault with Toscanini is to court certain obloquy. Nevertheless, I must confess to being impressed but unmoved by his "Daphnis." Taken measure by measure the recording is replete with wonders. There are magnificent examples of blending woodwind and strings, and the climax in the "Daybreak" movement is a marvel of orchestral transparency. But gambits like these do not solve the secrets of Ravel's sybaritic score. Note-perfect though it may be, I cannot believe that this rigid and unyielding reading does full justice to the composer's intentions. The rousing, swinging drive of the final "General Dance" shows again that no one can bring off a Rossinian crescendo so masterfully —even when the composer is Ravel.

Doda Conrad, a bass with a good voice and a better brain, recently commissioned six French composers to collaborate on an homage to Chopin. The resultant "Mouvements du Coeur" is a remarkably well-integrated cycle of songs. Poulenc, Françaix, and Milhaud are present with characteristic if not overwhelming contributions. Most interest will center on the opening and closing songs by Henri Sauguet as well as on this composer's "Visions Infernales" cycle, which occupies the LP's reverse. The name of Sauguet, a disciple of Satie now verging on fifty years, keeps appearing these days in Paris concerts. These songs show him to be a musician of lofty sentiment, who writes in an urbane and rather complicated language. If he has a decidedly original style it is not immediately evident here. In short, he appears to be a sort of French Benjamin Britten, and a man of whom much may be expected. The engineer's microphone placement seems faulty, for David Garvey's accompaniments are buried too far in the background.

Poulenc's "Le Bal Masqué" is a musical joke of such utterly nonsensical proportions as to make any criticism seem ponderous. Those, however, who turn to this "secular cantata" expecting to find the pathos of "Bleuet" or the lyricism of "Tel Jour, Telle Nuit" will be sorrowfully disappointed. It's a model of piquant instrumentation, and unbeatable as an antidote to Bruckner. There is verve to the performance, remarkable fidelity in the reproduction.

—ROLAND GELATT.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See Page 64 for Singles; Page 65 for Pop Report

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Cantata No. 11, "Praise Our God." The Cantata Singers, directed by Reginald Jacques. London LP 160, $4.95. Bach: Cantata No. 67, "Hold in Affection Jesus Christ." The same. London LP 161, $4.95.	The titles are indicative of the language in which these works are sung, but that is the only conceivable objection to them. Dr. Jacques is a sure hand with such material and the associated voices are splendid, especially Kathleen Ferrier, who is heard in both works, and William Herbert, a tenor of much flexibility and style. In No. 11 they are joined by William Parsons, bass, and Ena Mitchell, soprano. Those not otherwise interested will find it hard to resist LP 161, for the cantata is filled out by a splendid version of the famous "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" (Cantata No. 147) in its proper chorale form. In No. 11, incidentally, Miss Ferrier may be heard in the eloquent air which Bach later used as the Agnus Dei of the B minor Mass. Superfine recording throughout.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 5. Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia LP 4297, $4.85.	An improvement on Walter's previous edition with the Philharmonic, and, momentarily, the best-sounding Beethoven No. 5 on a record. However, the first movement has more than its share of "meaningful" distortion, and the merits of the rest are more personal to the conductor than they are to the exactions of the great work itself. At that, the instrumental detail, the extremes of double bass and piccolo have not been so well rendered before. That is a tenuous merit at best, however, and not recommended as a criterion for purchase. Who knows what next month holds?
Brahms: Sextet in G, Opus 36. Winterthur String Sextet. Concert Hall LP 28, $3.85.	A highly competent version on LP of a work which has not been current on a release list for a dozen years. The perceptions may be not quite as acute as the older playing of the Budapest Quartet with Hobday and Pini, but it is thoroughly professional and successfully reproduced.
Brahms: Sonata in F, Opus 99. Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, and Ralph Berkowitz, piano. Columbia LP 2096, $3.85.	Those who want to use this work as a pin (albeit a rather dull one) with which to deflate the pretensions of Brahms have my permission, for it is certainly as mannered, pompous, and overwritten a work as any consequential composer ever perpetrated. Piatigorsky, unfortunately, falls for it hook, line, and vibrato, resulting in an aural assault neither tidy nor attractive. Much better sound than its 78 rpm counterpart, album 590.
Grieg: "Peer Gynt" Suites Nos. 1 and 2. Basil Cameron conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. London LP 153, $5.85.	Whether or not this second suite is a reissue of the one formerly listed for Cameron and the LPO in the Decca catalogue may be doubted. It sounds fresh, certainly, and the generosity of this firm probably extended to a new edition to match the brilliant-sounding first suite. The coupling is a prime instance of good LP match-making, resulting in a marriage whose offspring should be Happy Comment and nothing else. Cameron is an efficient workman whose results are below the Beecham-Grieg standard, but equal to most others. Wonderfully suave and sonorous sound, in any case.
Mendelssohn: Concerto in E minor. Alfredo Campoli, violin, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Eduard van Beinum. London LP 90, $4.95.	Ample proof here that Campoli, sometimes associated with much lighter endeavors, can play the Mendelssohn with fluent accuracy, with fine tone, and no little taste. However, in a circle of exponents that takes in Szigeti, Elman, Milstein, et al., he is distinctly on the fringe. He is much more subservient to tradition than is desirable, inclined to take the common gospel as to phrasing and accentuation rather than seeking out his own. Van Beinum collaborates well, and the sound is admirable throughout.
Mozart: Symphony in C ("Jupiter"), No. 41. Josef Krips conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London LP 86, $4.95.	Krips makes his playing of the "Jupiter" sound much too easy, especially in the slow movement, which should be brooded over more than he considers appropriate. There is nothing inherently offensive about the performance, but it is all a little superficial and unconvincing. Not a much better LP than Walter's and hardly as sensitive a performance. Rather noisy surface on my disc, incidentally.
Prokofiev: Sonata in A minor (No. 3). Sigi Weissenberg, piano. Columbia LP 2099, $3.85.	There is nothing uncommon about the Prokofiev side of this disc, which contains the "Suggestion Diabolique, No. 4" as well as the Third Sonata, but the two Scriabin pieces on the overside are full of lyric feeling and a kind of pianistic suitability rarely known since Chopin. Weissenberg plays the B flat minor Etude (a quiet piece) better than the Nocturne for Left Hand (an agitated one). The piano tone is generally good, though not without waver in sustained notes and chords.
Schubert: Songs for Male Chorus. Robert Shaw and the RCA Victor Chorale. RCA Victor album 1353, $4.75; 45 rpm, $3.35.	Not alone for its unfamiliar setting of Goethe's "Nur wer der Sehnsucht" ("None but the Lonely Heart," according to Tchaikovsky and Beethoven) is this collection of interest, for the medium is one peculiarly appropriate for Schubert's lyric gift. Included is an expressive "Serenade" to verses of Grillparzer, with a contralto (Beatrice Krebs) in place of the designated baritone, "An den Frühling" of 1815, "Widerspruch," and "La Pastorella." The 45 rpm reproduction is excellent.
Verdi: "Credo" ("Otello"). Robert Merrill, baritone, with RCA Victor Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler. RCA Victor album 1351, $4.75; 45 rpm, $3.35.	Merrill has not ventured Iago on the operatic stage, and this record suggests he should wait a while yet. The vocal power is there, but little subtlety or word-projection. Unfortunately, too, the end of the orchestral comment is abbreviated. On the whole, Merrill is much better suited to the lyric "Il Balen" ("Il Trovatore") than such dramatic material as this or "Cortigiani" from "Rigoletto." Even here, as in "Eri tu" from "Ballo in Maschera," Merrill is powerful but crude, squandering vocal resources without musical profit. The "Pagliacci" Prologue and a "Cavalleria" excerpt are included. Fiedler's accompaniments are precise, but not really idiomatic. Excellent recording, though not consistent in volume. Altogether, the "Pagliacci" is the most successful effort for all concerned.
"Funeral March" ("Götterdämmerung"). Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia ML 4273, $4.85.	A splendid LP for demonstration, decibel counting, or other specialized uses, for it contains not only the two Wagner excerpts noted (on one side) but the Tchaikovsky "Romeo and Juliet" on the other. The playing is full of Stokowskisms in phrasing and dynamics, but no little splendor. In fact, I doubt that Columbia has produced a more stunning example of the recorder's craft than the "Rhine Journey," in which the Philharmonic forgets its years and plays with overpowering virtuosity. But why the "synthesis"? Joining such excerpts is musical miscenegation. —Irving Kolodin.

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Photo by Eric Schaal

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 This is the picture of a man the whole musical world revered—and no one knew anything about. Two years ago your correspondent tried to find out a few things.

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 He learned that there was more demand for the recordings of RACHMANINOFF's compositions than for those of any other serious twentieth-century composer. Ditto with requests for works to be performed over stations like WQXR.

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 He also found an out-of-print "as-told-to" autobiography published in 1936 and subsequently repudiated by the composer-pianist. And a short teen-age biography which told us, among other things, that SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY sings bass.

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 But compared with what we know of the personal life of other great musicians, he found almost nothing. And so he commissioned the first serious, full-length biography of RACHMANINOFF, to be prepared by VICTOR SEROFF, Russian-born pianist, critic, and biographer.

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 Among the fascinating stories uncovered by MR. SEROFF both here and abroad are the following:

1. How RACHMANINOFF, a spoiled child, was all but whipped into becoming a fine pianist in the strange household of his still stranger teacher, NICOLAI ZVEREV.
2. How the cold reception of his First Symphony drove him into two years of unproductive despair, and how he recovered under the ministrations of the psychiatrist-hypnotist, DR. DAHL.
3. How, a happily married man, he carried on an epistolary love affair with a beautiful young Russian blue-stocking, who later became an "honored poet" of the Soviets. Fifteen of RACHMANINOFF's letters to "Re," as she signed herself, are given complete.
4. How a crazy musical war, involving KOUSSEVITZKY, SCRIABIN, and many others eventually led indirectly to RACHMANINOFF's retirement as a conductor in Moscow.
5. And how the pianist-composer spent the last twenty-five years of his life in self-imposed exile from his beloved Russia, becoming an American citizen virtually on the eve of his tragic death.

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 An appreciative Foreword by VIRGIL THOMSON, a complete list of RACHMANINOFF'S many works, a detailed account by the composer on how the famous C#-minor Prelude should be played, and a striking picture section are among the other features of this revealing biography of a great and beloved musician.

𝄞 𝄞 𝄞 The price of RACHMANINOFF is $3.50 at your booksellers. If it is not available there, order direct from SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

—H.W.S.

Composers as Performers

GEORGE COPELAND

—*Blechman.*

George Copeland

I RECORDED a good many player-piano rolls during the early Twenties and was never very impressed with the artistic merits of the results. It was with considerable misgivings, therefore, that I accepted the assignment to review Columbia's new series of re-recordings from the Welte piano rolls of forty years ago.* Though ready to commend Columbia for its brave attempt to preserve the playing of Debussy, Ravel, Fauré, Busoni, Saint-Saëns, Grieg, De Falla, Granados, De Pachmann, and other equally eminent figures, I seriously doubted whether the reproduction of the old Welte recording device would really do adequate justice to their artistry.

On the whole, these misgivings were unwarranted. Columbia has made a valuable contribution to the history of music by making the playing of such giants generally available. Several records are musically pleasurable, while all are historically important. Some of us who knew the composers and pianists recorded in this series may find improper colorations, strange usages of the pedal, or dynamics that were not those habitually employed by the artist, but it is surprising that these facets have come through as well as they have, especially in view of the elaborate reproduction system employed. For better or worse, the strength and weakness of each pianist is fairly accurately revealed.

Having introduced many of Debussy's piano works to the American public, it was natural that I should turn first to the playing of Claude Achille Debussy, which occupies the better part of the first record in the series (ML 4291). It was my rare good fortune to have known Debussy sufficiently well to understand what he liked and didn't like in music. Because he feared and hated all mechanical things I feel that he did not play with his usual tonal beauty in the Welte recording studio. Some of the pieces recorded here—"La Cathédral Engloutie" is one—are taken at a much faster tempo than I ever heard him play in his home. The rhythms, too, are sometimes unsteady and capricious, though they were never so when Debussy was relaxed and playing for friends.

Still, there is much to be learned from these records of Debussy. I would say that of first importance is Debussy's direct, vital approach to music. He was not an "impressionist" and did not play like one. His musical structure was as clear as Bach's, never slurred or muddied. In three of the selections—"Danseuses de Delphes," "Le Vent dans la plaine," and "The Snow Is Dancing" from "The Children's Corner" Suite—all of Debussy's tonal mastery is evident. In "The Snow Is Dancing" one does sense the silence of a landscape being shrouded in snow, the tiny sounds of lonely birds, and the effects of great distance and limitless twilight skies. It is truly remarkable that the recording captures these effects. Debussy heard things that no other composer ever heard—probably because he knew better how to listen. There is in all his music an antique sense which gives it a strange nostalgic flavor. It is difficult enough to try to re-create the effects he desired, much more so to translate them by several recording devices. The quality of piano tone is astoundingly well reproduced, with no trace of metallic, percussive sound.

Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" are grateful piano pieces: delicious, witty, brilliant, and haunting. For some reason, in these records Ravel plays with much more color and élan than Debussy. I say "for

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—*B. F. Dolbin.*

Maurice Ravel at the piano—"fascinating . . . and of documentary significance."

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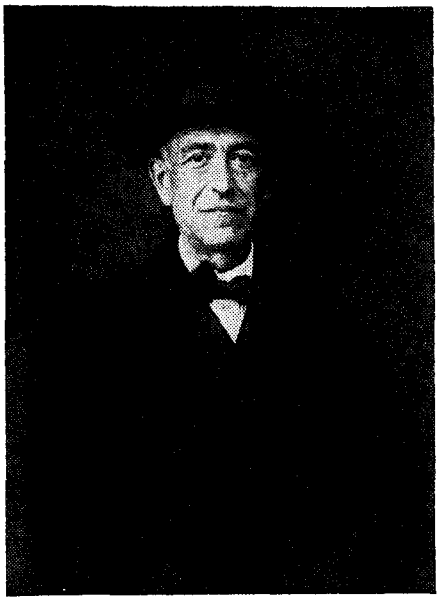
some reason" because in actuality Debussy was a far more meticulous player. Ravel's pianism was taut and wiry; Debussy's supple and pliant. These distinctions, however, are not evident on the Columbia record. I knew Ravel slightly, liked him for his wit and utter musical integrity. His tragic death brought to a halt the creation of greater works.

Manuel de Falla, who lived very near me for two years, was a strange, shy little man, but friendly once you came to know him. Small, thin, with a skin like Cordovan leather and bright, black, shoe-button eyes, he kept but a few friends around him. How such vivid, richly colored, passionate music came out of that little man will always be an enigma to me. The biting rhythms, the lush moods changing abruptly to near savagery, the fatalistic atmosphere which surrounds all Spanish music were his to a marked degree. His originality, his ability to capture the tang of his native country will make him more appreciated as time goes on. He played with the touch of a harpsichordist, and in the "Aragonesa" recorded here this quality is captured just as it should be.

Another delicious bit from Spain is the Fandango from "Goyescas," by Enrique Granados. The composer



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Manuel de Falla—"lush moods changing to near savagery."

plays it superbly, with crackling rhythm and lovely gradations of tone. I thought this the best of the whole series. The reproduction of De Pachmann's Chopin didn't particularly impress me. The famous De Pachmann tone, which I had admired on many occasions, resisted capture.

I am not one of those who believe that composers are the ideal interpreters of their own works. I shall be charged with heresy; it may even be said that my feelings in this matter derive from the fact that I am a performer, not a composer. Certainly, one instance which substantiates my view was Ravel's visit to this country in the mid-Twenties. He conducted his own orchestral pieces and played accompaniments to his songs in recital, and it resulted—I believe—in retarding the appreciation of his compositions by several years. I know of no great composer who was also a great pianist. Rachmaninoff played masterfully, but I do not rank him in the top flight of composers.

Despite the fundamental question as to whether composers are equipped to give their own work the most auspicious performance, one must applaud Columbia for making these interpretations available. It doesn't matter so much whether Copeland or other artists agree with this phrasing or that tempo. The records are fascinating in themselves and of documentary significance.

George Copeland, American pianist, made his debut shortly after the turn of the century. He was responsible for many "first U. S. performances" of Debussy's music.

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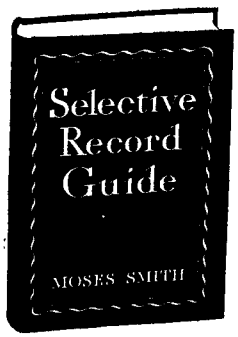

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

BY THE time these lines appear in print the first microgroove record should have been sold in this country. Unfortunately, it will be imported not from America, but from France, where Les Editions de l'Oiseau-Lyre have made a start. The Gramophone Exchange (the famous London firm with which I am associated) has been importing Lyrebird records into this country for some time. When news reached us of the projected LP releases it seemed to present a golden opportunity for a "scoop" which might help to waken our LP-shy "big boys." In fact, according to the latest reports from "usually reliable sources" Decca has decided to launch LP in July.

The April releases, while lacking the plenitude of the proverbial April shower, have reached an encouragingly high standard. In view of the great number of times Beecham has given sparkling performances of Haydn's Symphony No. 102 in B flat, it is surprising that he should have kept us waiting for the recorded version all these years. Yet here it is at last, played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and waxed by HMV, and who will say that it has not been well worth waiting for? This symphony shows us Haydn at his greatest, astounding us at every turn with his daring and the miraculous fertility of his invention.

It is a comforting thought that, whatever else may be in store for us this year, Bach will continue to figure prominently in each month's list. Apart from the first appearance on our records of organist E. Power Biggs, who plays the "Great" Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, we are offered a magnificent performance of the Suite No. 3 in D, recorded for Decca by the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, and a delightful HMV set of the G minor Harpsichord Concerto—better known in A minor for violin and strings. The latter is played by George Malcolm and the London Chamber Orchestra under Anthony Bernard, and much of the pleasure here derives from the charming sound of Mr. Malcolm's genuine eighteenth-century harpsichord.

Beethoven's youthful Septet in E flat has hitherto been most unkindly treated on records. At long last Decca has given us a really satisfactory set, one which will not easily be surpassed. The players are members of the Vienna Octet, who early last year were heard in Schubert's Opus 166. Here they surpass their earlier effort by a considerable margin. Their performance is technically excellent and musically a constant delight. Pianists who share this month's limelight are Malcuzynski, with a magnificent performance of Franck's "Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue," and the young Austrian pianist Friedrich Gulda, whose playing of Mozart's last Sonata, K. 576, is evidence of great musical and pianistic talent. Both recordings, by Columbia and Decca, respectively, are on the highest level of excellence.

Christoff again follows Chaliapin's footsteps when he gives us two excerpts from Boito's "Mefistofele," "Ave Signor," and "Son lo spirito." He is better fitted for this music than for King Philip's lament from Verdi's "Don Carlos," and Dobrowen's fine accompaniments help to make this an outstanding disc. What Christoff is to HMV, Raphael Arie is to Decca, but the latter is badly miscast in Bellini's "Sonnambula." The lovely air "Vi ravviso" does not suit his declamatory style, and his performance of Mephistopheles's Serenade from Gounod's setting of the legend sounds merely coarse and lacks the sinister element.

Space forbids more than a mere mention of the remaining vocal highlights—two lovely Schumann songs, "Der Hidalgo" and "Flutenreicher Ebro," ravishingly sung by Schlusnus on Decca; our charming Margaret Ritchie (who can twitter like Elisabeth Schumann) in "Ridente la Calma," and "An Chloe," by Mozart (HMV); Gabriella Gatti singing Respighi's "Notte" with supreme artistry, yet finding nothing better to complete her HMV record than "O del mio amato ben." Finally, Marimi del Pozo, a Spanish coloratura barely out of her teens, with a striking voice and an even more striking musical personality. For her debut she gives us the exacting "Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Lammermoor" together with the silly display piece "Carnevale di Venezia." She only needs a little more smoothness for her coloratura passages before we can say that she has realized her great potentialities. Her phrasing in the "Lucia" air is of a kind we rarely hear from this type of singer.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Music to My Ears

FLAGSTAD, TOSCANINI, AND CARNEGIE HALL

IT IS NOT every day that a critic to whom a manager has sent tickets is asked, when the manager sees him, why he came to the concert. In fact, it had not occurred to me in twenty years of concert-going until April 11 when Kirsten Flagstad sang in Carnegie Hall with an orchestra conducted by Edwin MacArthur.

I had listened to Mme. Flagstad's powerful delivery of Senta's ballad from "Flying Dutchman" and retired to the lounge to mull it further while MacArthur and the orchestra did a spell of the "Good Friday Spell." It was there that the visitation occurred from Marks Levine, manager-in-ordinary to Mme. Flagstad and a power in the combine known as NCAC—professional designation for National Artists and Concerts Corporation.

The gambit was Levine's. "I'm surprised to see you here," he remarked by way of greeting. To my query of surprise at his surprise, he answered: "I didn't think you'd swallow your pride to come" (a flattering indication of readership, at NCAC, of some remarks printed here a few weeks ago). My answer was that a doctor doesn't stay away from an operation just because he doesn't like the patient. "It's my business," I stated, "to hear for myself what is happening." "No, no," he said, with an admonishing finger, "if it's against your principles, business shouldn't count. Do you think I would manage Flagstad if I didn't believe in her innocence?"

Since the whereabouts of Mme. Flagstad between May 1941 and the end of the war has never been a matter of dispute, I couldn't imagine what element of "innocence" was involved.

Despite the earnest efforts of Mr. Levine and the other Flagstandard bearers to make a martyr of a lady merely engaged in making a fortune, the calm view must be that she sang superbly, especially in the last of the "Wesendonck" lieder, "Träume." For this the response was rather conservative, relative to the strained noises, risings at attention, and general prostration manifested by the audience before she had sung a note. Since the same audience which defends its right to hear Mme. Flagstad because she is the "best that there is" provided ecstatic bravos for MacArthur's quite ordinary direction of the "Flying Dutchman" overture, its consistency is evident. It is said that Mme. Flagstad complained bitterly about the "persecution" to which she was being exposed by the pickets and threatened not to perform. That could explain Mr. Levine's unhostish attitude when I accepted an invitation to his party.

A FEW nights later in the same hall I listened to Toscanini conduct the NBC Orchestra on the first concert of his nationwide tour, and I put the matter that way, rather than saying I listened to Beethoven's "Eroica" or the "Don Juan" of Strauss, for a special reason. Opportunities to hear this orchestra in the favorable surroundings of a hall, especially one so celebrated for acoustic worth as Carnegie, are few indeed—and the disputes that rage about the famous 8H are many. Relative to the latest batch of Toscanini records (see page 49), the comparison was acute, for several of them—an "Eroica" in particular, a version of Tchaikovsky's "Manfred" Symphony, the second suite of Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe," and the Prelude and "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal"—are attested as having been recorded in Carnegie itself, though the sound is not always what it could be in richness or resonance.

The actual experience confirmed what had previously been but a suspicion. Toscanini's desire, in the way of articulation, accent, note values, and emphasis, for a clear, dry sound has intensified to the extent that much of what seems an "8H quality" in the recording is actually in the playing. It seemed to me particularly pronounced in the first chords of the "Eroica," the ends of phrases in dramatic moments, and in rushing string passages where the rapid bow stroke produces a very clean, but lusterless sound. The quality of "room tone" or "resonant frame" that is universally admired as an attribute of London's ffrr seems abhorrent to him, and the engineers oblige with what he will accept. In other types of music—the "Good Friday Spell" for example—there is so much more singing quality, real richness in the woodwinds and brass, that the divergence could hardly be an accidental one.

It might be offered, in refutation, that the records of his Philharmonic period, though blemished in many other ways, have a concert-hall quality. One can only reply that this was before Toscanini considered 8H his "home," had listened to countless playbacks of innumerable broadcasts from that place, and formed a strong mental image of how he wants his orchestra to sound.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS IN REVIEW

(*Continued from page 49*)

tions to be made about the new "Eroica," which, like the "Manfred" Symphony, the "Good Friday" excerpts, and the "Daphnis et Chloe" reviewed elsewhere in this issue, was made in Carnegie Hall. That doesn't mean all it might, for reasons detailed on page 55, but the results are somewhere in between the old 8H sound and the vibrance associated with Carnegie. The opening chords sound like coal going down a chute, but thereafter the sound opens up a bit. Substantially, however, the performance leaves quibbles without point and reservations without reason. It is one in which complete intellectual understanding and virtuoso execution go hand in hand to the end of an "Eroica" truly heroic. With its raw power, refined tone color, and matching of matter with manner, this is close to the definitive Toscanini recording of them all. The recent Walter performance with the Philharmonic was certainly notable, but this is *sui generis*.

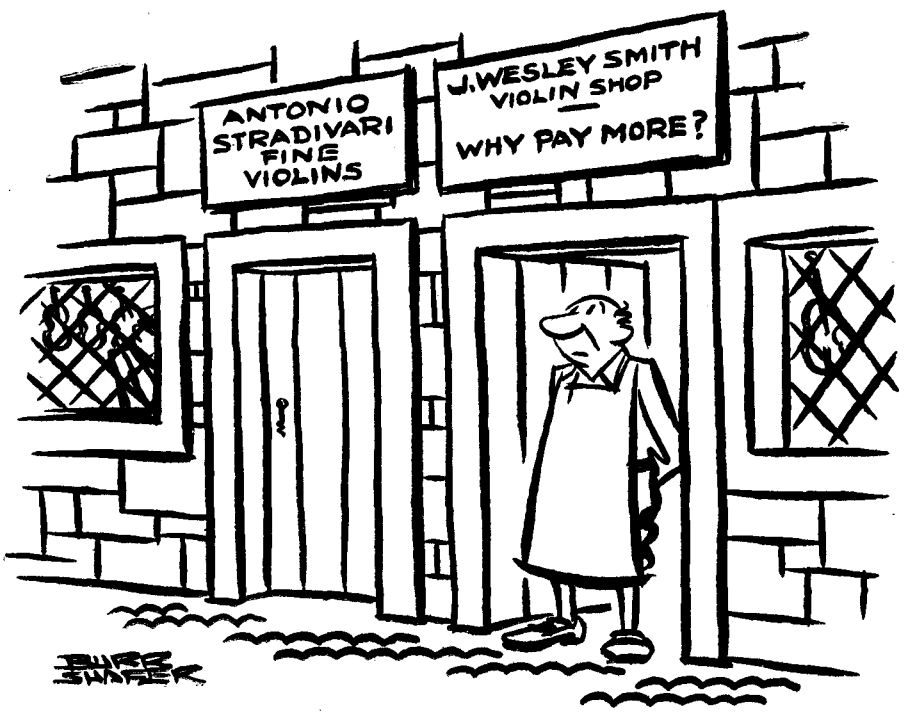
Possibly because of its scoring, the "Manfred" pleases this ear more than the "Eroica," with splendid clarity in extremes of the tone spectrum and ample definition of the violas, clarinets, and percussion which color this score. Intermittently, too, one is impressed with the really poetic atmosphere, in a Berliozian vein, that Tchaikovsky evoked for this subject, and it can scarcely be imagined in more just treatment than this. Finally, there is the spacious serenity of the "Parsifal" music, in which the long phrases and the rich quality of sound come fully to the ear, showing what science can do when there is full agreement among conductor, recorders—and listener.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Received Too Late

BACH: Sonata No. 1 in G minor. Tossy Spivakovsky, violin. (Columbia)
BACH, etc.: Baroque Choral Music. Dessoff Choirs. (Concert Hall)
BARTÓK: "Petite Suite," etc. Bela Bartók, piano. (Continental)
BARTÓK: Violin Sonata No. 2. Spivakovsky, violin, with Balsam, piano. (CH)
BERG: "Lyric Suite." Pro Arte Quartet of Wisconsin. (Dial)
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 2. Mengelberg and the Concertgebouw. (Capitol-Telefunken)
HOVHANESS: Piano Concerto, etc. Maro Ajemian, piano. (Dial)
MESSIAEN: "Vision de l'Amen." Yvonne Loriod and O. Messiaen, pianos. (Dial)
MENDELSSOHN: Symphony in A ("Italian"). Turin Symphony conducted by Rossi. (London)
MOZART: Symphonies in A (K.114) and B flat (K.182). Henry Swoboda and Winterthur Orchestra. (CH)
PONCHIELLI: Excerpts from "La Giaconda." Cloe Elmo, Galliano Massini, etc. (Cetra)
SCHÖNBERG: Quartet No. 3. Pro Arte Quartet of Wisconsin. (Dial)
SCHÖNBERG: Kammersymphonie. Pasdeloup Orchestra, Pierre Dervaux conducting. (Dial)
SCHUMANN: Quartet in A, Opus 41, No. 3 Winterthur Quartet. (CH)
SCHÜTZ: "Weinachts-Historie." Arthur Mendel and Cantata Singers. (REB Editions)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *These records will be reviewed in next month's issue.*



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RECENT months have brought us numerous additions to the various classifications in the children's record library. Several of them are most satisfying and are highly recommended.

ANIMAL FAIR (Columbia Set MJV-59, two 10" unbreakable, $2.25).

Burl Ives sings several attractive folk songs about animals in his always delightful manner. In fact, I find him at his best in these recordings. "The Grey Goose" is a wonderful ballad about an indestructible goose who survives nine months of cooking, a sawmill, and other hazards to fly across the ocean with a string of goslings. A child sings the refrain with Ives, and your children will join in easily and with pleasure. One of my favorites is "The Goat and the Train," the old one about Jim, the goat, who eats a red shirt and flags the train. Sarah, the whale with the amazing appetite, is comical as described in "The Whale." A mouse, a sow with the measles, and assorted birds figure in the other songs.

This is the best buy among recent releases for family listening. More recordings of this type and quality would be welcome.

MORE PLAYTIME SONGS (Young People's Records Y729, one 10" unbreakable, $1.45).

Charity Bailey chalks up another sterling performance in these charming play songs. Two unusual Louisiana Creole songs are sung in English and native patois. "The Paw Paw Patch" and "Sandy Land" are American play songs of folk origin. Miss Bailey is a real artist at singing children's songs, and sings just as you would like your child to sing. Excellent for children from two to six.

CINDERELLA (RCA Victor Little Nipper Series Y399, two 10" unbreakable, $3.57).

The latest addition to the Little Nipper Series is a musical dramatization of the Cinderella story. There are a few embellishments that I don't recall having heard as a child, but they do not detract from the story. Cinderella is suitably sweet and sings several songs from the movie. The excellent musical background serves to heighten the dramatic effect. After several hearings I developed an antipathy toward Gun-Gus, the talking mouse, but he is a minor distraction. Tasteful illustrations and the printed text are included in the album. All in all, I consider this a fine new album and feel certain that children from five to ten will love it.

IOLANTHE (Allegro Intermediate 57, one 10" unbreakable, $1.05).

Allegro continues its release of Gilbert and Sullivan for young people with selections from "Iolanthe" sung by the Little Opera Group. The performance and recording are excellent but I was somewhat disappointed in the choice of songs. However, I thoroughly enjoyed the recording and children from seven to twelve will be charmed by the lovely melodies and amused by the patter songs.

PICKING UP PAW PAWS (Allegro Intermediate 58, one 10" unbreakable, $1.05).

Dick Kraus calls the tune for the folk dances "Picking up Paw Paws," "Take a Little Peek," and "Shoo Fly." Mr. Kraus is a specialist in folk dances and an expert caller. Directions for formations are printed on the envelope. Excellent for youngsters from eight on who enjoy dancing.

—CHARLES LEONHARD.

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LP, the convenient abbreviation for Columbia's expert realization of principles less deftly applied elsewhere in the past, offered such an astonishing list of advantages over 78 rpm recordings that its acceptance was immediate, the contagion of its success so wide and so swift that every major manufacturer (domestic) now employs it. The essential meaning of this is that short-playing discs, of whatever size, velocity, or material, are obsolescent as a vehicle for extended compositions. The overwhelming appeal of LP for phonophiles is triple: felicitous to the ears, to convenience, and to the billfold.

On a recent Columbia LP the "Oxford" Symphony occupies one side and the "Clock" Symphony the other. On SP versions thirteen sides are utilized. Reiner's performance of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" requires ten twelve-inch sides on SP against two ten-inch sides on 33. The sound of the latter is infinitely preferable; but supposing the two equivalent in their tonal appeal, who would hesitate in the purchase? The Ninth Symphony on three sides is musically more exact than on sixteen. Ravel's "Bolero" and Strauss's "Don Juan" are debased in their logic when subjected to four-minute interruptions. These aspects were observed by record fanciers with the advent of LP and have now been acknowledged by RCA Victor, the last of the established manufacturers to issue 33's.

To avoid a contrived suspense, let it be said at once that the skill of the RCA Victor engineers has belied the trepidation, the coy reluctance of the staff at praising their new 33's. Perhaps 'twas but modesty: the Victor LP's are excellent, even in the initial edition, where errors and uncertainties attributable to lack of experience were to be expected and condoned. They are more even in quality than the first Columbia 33's; none examined here has presented any difficulty in tracking; the surfaces are quiet and the values of the recorded sound are similar to those of the 45 equivalent. The re-recording has produced an increase of background noise in the 33's, but except in the quietest passages this is pretty well covered by the music.

The comparisons made do not permit any positive declarations of superiority in the tonal sense for either of the three kinds of discs. An earlier study, involving more compositions, indicated that the 45 potential was higher than the 78, but in two of the cases examined here a very slight and hesitant preference is given to 78 over 45. All that may be said with confidence now, on the basis of this and the previous comparisons, is that more is to be expected of 45 than of 78 and about the same of 33 as of 45. It is to be remarked that a less radical curve is employed in these RCA recordings than is customary in Columbia's and less compensation will be required on the reproducing apparatus.

Four works were compared, three in all three versions, one in only two because a 45 set could not be found.

RAVEL: *"Ma Mère l'Oye," played by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in DM-1268; 45 rpm in WDM-1268; 33 rpm on LM-1012.) Order of preference, 78, 45, 33. The 78 seems to have more body and a truer orchestral timbre than 45, which is brighter in the higher instruments than 33; but these differences are very slight.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Excerpts from the "Sleeping Beauty," played by Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in DV-16; 45 rpm in WDM-1205; 33 rpm on LM-1010.) Order of preference, either 45 or 33; 78 last. The writer, no admirer of the complications introduced by the advent of 45, found nevertheless last July that this particular set was a splendid accomplishment. It remains that. The 33 perhaps equals it. The difficulty of judgment lies in the variety of the sections of the work itself, some of which are more impressive on 45, some on 33. In any event the differences are trifling: better tambourine on 33, crisper brass on 45, but just a little, not audible except when one version is cut in and out of the other, not perceptible at all if the reproducing equipment is not extremely sensitive. The 78 is a very capable recording: no one should dis-

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card one version for another unless he has decided to restrict himself to a single type of record.

BACH: *The first eight Preludes and Fugues from the "48," played by Wanda Landowska, harpsichord.* (78 rpm in DM-1338; 45 rpm in WDM-1338; 33 rpm on LM-1017.) Order of preference, offered with a modicum of conviction 78, 33, 45. In each case the recording of the harpsichord is remarkable; but how many of us can claim enough familiarity with the instrument to declare firmly just how it should sound? The favor shown the 78 in this instance rests upon a more robust resonance, but it is quite possible that this feature is really a deception produced by the 78's greater volume of sound.

BRUCH: *"Scottish Fantasy," played by Jascha Heifetz with the RCA Victor Orchestra conducted by William Steinberg.* (78 rpm in DV-11; 45 rpm was not available; 33 rpm on LM-4.) Order of preference, none. A small increase in emphasis on the upper frequencies characterizes the 33. When this is controlled downward the two versions sound identical.

Granted the restricted scope of this examination, it seems probable that we may expect RCA Victor 45's and 33's to surpass 78's (bearing in mind the earlier comparisons) and to be very similar to each other. Assuming an approximate equality in the sound itself, where the two narrow-groove speeds are involved, music-lovers can utilize the one which appeals more strongly to considerations other than tone-quality.

* * *

NOTE to an article appearing here last month: Many people have written requesting the names of firms which can supply diamond styli for LP. All the principal manufacturers of magnetic pickups are prepared to furnish such points, but outside of the largest cities few dealers maintain diamond styli in stock. Radio supply houses or record retailers will naturally forward orders. In the New York area at least two companies will install diamond points of a quality already tested here and found excellent in most kinds of pickups. These are: Andrews Radio Co., 44 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., and Televex, 474 W. 238 St., New York 63, N. Y.

Eventually readers will be informed just what durability may be expected from a diamond point based on its normal employment. Up to now insufficient deterioration has been apparent in the styli to indicate probable longevity. —C. G. BURKE.

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Some Highs and Lows

PLURAL TROUBLE

MOST of us phonophiles can spot sound trouble with a certitude bordering on fanaticism. Never a doubt about it, and something usually *is* wrong. But where? When it comes to deducing causes we go dismally haywire. Shades of Charles Lamb's roast pig! As this department's occasional mail shows well enough, our false reasonings to account for genuine troubles are breathtaking. Even the engineers, on their own high level, indulge in elaborate wild-goose chases that are as futile as our own! And the biggest reason for it all is that trouble practically never comes in the singular. Nine times out of ten "a" specific phonograph disease is actually a compound result of a number of difficulties. Fix one and you seem to get nowhere. Fix them all and you'll feel like a miracle maker.

Take, for this month, just one type of ultra-common failing in reproduced sound that is only too familiar, the unpleasant breaking-up of the music into distortion whenever a loud passage comes along that we usually call "blasting." Just look at a few of the common causes for such agony.

A worn needle point is the first thought. A worn record is a related possibility. But even with a perfect point, a defective or damaged crystal cartridge will produce a most convincing blast. No reason why both needle and cartridge can't be at fault, simultaneously. A more notorious and illusive blast is an old story in this department [RECORDINGS, Nov. 1949], trouble due to an over-stiff, uncompliant needle that will not follow the loud grooves, even though point, cartridge, and groove are all perfect. Three kinds of blast, and we've hardly begun.

A sick speaker will do the trick, too. A warped or stretched cone may cause the central voice coil to scrape against the sides of the narrow space into which it fits. As usual, blasts are worst in the loud parts. Speaker blast has had many a frantic listener replacing needles, tubes, cartridges, records, unavailingly. To be sure, the sound isn't quite the same as other blastings—but it can be plenty misleading, even so.

A very similar blasting sound has an utterly different cause, the overloading of the input section of your amplifier, thanks to a too-strong signal being fed into it. The catch is that your volume may be turned down to a whisper elsewhere, yet still the first stage is overloaded and in electrical collapse. Again, the distortion is worst in the loud passages. (This is a common trouble in separate-unit outfits that have several sources of incoming sound, such as an FM tuner, AM tuner, phonograph.) Reduce the incoming level and the trouble is gone—but other kinds of blasting may cover up the improvement. Distortion troubles anywhere in the amplifier will give you blastings that may suggest a bad needle since, as usual, trouble will be worst in the louder passages.

Sometimes in a very resonant room a high volume level will produce an acoustical effect in the room itself that you may think is blast and distortion. No connection with the phonograph or the record. Some people's ears "blast" at higher volumes, an effect that is entirely in your own head and may serve to camouflage any or all the blastings already described.

Not that records don't have their blastings, too—though better look at your machine first before you blame any record. We must skip lightly o'er an infinitude of electrical distortions in recording, unforgivable but nevertheless often present in spite of engineering care. The record may simply be overcut, with a groove too violently twisted for any needle to follow. Or perhaps the groove is a faithful recording of some earlier blast—an overloaded amplifier or a too loud sixteen-inch transcription. With all of such troubles absent, we may still run into blast due to faulty pressing. Needless to say, any or all of these fine phenomena and more may occur at once—in addition to all of those enumerated above. There is still another source of blast, given absolute perfection from recording to speaker. Most microphones simply cannot take more than a certain sheer loudness of sound without cracking up, and no subsequent volume control will help.

Enough said. One may imagine, sadistically, a fabulous occasion when every single one of these possible kinds of blasting might occur simultaneously (and they could, too) with a colossal blast to end all blasts! Unlikely. But you may still count on most of your pet troubles being decidedly plural, blasting or whatever. There are, of course, ways and means of pinning down pluralities into nice, singular causes and I'll pass on a few tips in this respect later.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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BERLIOZ AND THE BARD

(Continued from page 46)

expression of his pessimism. "Unsatisfying," however, need not mean unsatisfactory. The beholder seeking for Berlioz's reasons and for Berlioz's order is not in the end disappointed. When close scrutiny has done with these rugged, resistant, and intermittently glowing works it must confess that the idea of correcting or improving or de-blemishing them is untenable. Somehow, as Schumann said, the whole thing "has an air," a necessity of its own. And when the noble, moving, or delicate passages have led us to assimilate the rest we find everywhere the same passionate desire to achieve exhaustive expressi..., the same disinclination to linger or repeat, and the same richness of invention and suggestion pressing as it were behind the externally dull or flat design. The four adjectives by which Scott Fitzgerald summed up his judgment of Shakespeare will therefore serve anyone who knows his Berlioz well: "whetting, frustrating, surprising, and gratifying."

THE different degrees in which these qualities attract or repel determine the feeling one experiences on hearing Berlioz's several scores. It is a fact that musicians of similar rank have expressed widely different preferences among them. Brahms thought "The Infant Christ" Berlioz's masterpiece, Wagner chose the "Funeral" symphony, Liszt adored "Benvenuto," and Mendelssohn could truly admire only the songs. What is more, the opinions given by capable scholars show that every one of Berlioz's dozen great works appears to some as his greatest, while the rest are unhesitatingly dismissed as inferior. It is clear that if each man's negative vote were accepted this would make a clean sweep of Berlioz's music and, conversely, that if we add together the same men's positive votes they validate the bulk of the composer's output.

This may be another way of saying that Berlioz's range extends on every side beyond the sensibility of his judges. One perfection at least must be granted the creator of such works —that of being inexhaustible by any single mind. And this in turn explains the situation which has been erroneously thought peculiar to Berlioz, but which is merely characteristic of his kind, that of not being finally placed. Meantime, it must be set down as a statistical fact that nine tenths of all the music Berlioz wrote has evoked the highest possible praise of those who know. Their consensus is distributive, as for Shakespeare—a consensus rather than a unanimity, but it is emphatic and unmistakable.

SHAKESPEARE remains Shakespeare and Berlioz, Berlioz—in spite of all similarities—for the common points define a common type of art and not a reincarnation of souls. But if art has links with both the culture and the self, it is to be expected that kindred species of art and of character will intertwine. In history as in music everything repeats, though in altered form, and the critical question always is: what have we here—the same (essence)?—or difference (accident)? The nineteenth century bears a likeness to the sixteenth, Berlioz's work to Shakespeare's; why not also the man to the man? Any answer involves a risk, but when we consider how Shakespeare seemed to find himself in Montaigne and how it took a second Romantic period to turn both into great world figures we are tempted to attach diagnostic importance to Berlioz's feeling of kinship with Shakespeare. "I have to keep consoling myself . . ." he says, "for not having known Virgil, whom I should have so much loved, and Gluck and Beethoven and Shakespeare—who might have loved me. (But in truth I am not in the least consoled.)" Berlioz found an uncommon number of his sensations and impulses put into words by Shakespeare. He found the same intensity of feeling, the same "rush of metaphor" and "lucid confusion" answering to his own. He shared also the fierce pleasure in seeing nature dwarf the individual, mixed with great tenderness, humor, and compassion for men. Unwittingly, too— if "The Tempest" is in truth Shakespeare's last word—both men ended on the same note of half-melancholy fantasy. "Beatrice and Benedict" skims lightly over the conflict between sweet purity and Calibanism and uses grotesque humor, airy figures, and festive pageantry to half-conceal the purblindness of evil. From the composer's artistic serenity we can infer little as to his day-to-day disposition, but we know that after his Shakespearean comedy Berlioz had said farewell to his art and, like his revered prototype, meant to live on his patrimony and his accumulated earnings from the stage.

This article is condensed from the author's "Berlioz and the Romantic Century," to be published May 15 by Little, Brown and Co.

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MUSIC

(*Continued from page 28*)

"The Sleeping Beauty," and "Giselle" —as they are presented in Russia, while Miss Manchester provides parallel accounts of the same ballets as performed by Sadler's Wells in London.

It is an estimable work, happily free from pretentiousness, and copiously illustrated with striking action photographs. Containing as it does useful information not heretofore available, the book belongs on the shelves of all who are genuinely interested in ballet as a vital force in the theatre.

"The Ballet Annual," a British perennial, is a handsome volume, profusely illustrated, and provides interesting and often useful information on the increasingly active world of the ballet. It is, however, a mixed bag, with the whole not equal to its parts. Sixty-three of its 148 pages are devoted to "Outstanding Events of the Year," consisting almost exclusively of occurrences in London. Five and one-half pages suffice for a capsule summation of ballet in America, five for Paris.

In short, it is an English book, designed primarily for the British public, preoccupied with what goes on in London. Ballet is a great international art, and "A Record and Year Book of the Ballet" would, one feels, be more useful if both its scope and coverage were less insular and more catholic. Factually sound, so far as it goes, its unsupported opinions need not be taken as the last word, though they sometimes sound as if uttered with that thought in mind.

Music Notes

THE BOOK OF MODERN COMPOSERS, edited by David Ewen. Knopf. $6. A more appropriate title for this would have been "The Book of *Selected* Modern Composers." Advertised as a second edition, revised and enlarged, it is still manifestly a series of scattered reflections, profiles, and credos, with notable omissions. Such figures as Ives, Debussy, and Khatchaturian, for instance, are not to be found here. Others of considerably less stature are given their full due and more. How the editor can claim to have assembled "a cross-section of the music of the past fifty years" is therefore not immediately apparent.

In a lengthy and knowledgeable introduction, which alone is worth the price of the book, Nicolas Slonimsky submits that "modern music is not necessarily new, and new music is not necessarily modern." Presumably this is license *a posteriori* for having stretched the title to cover Sibelius, Richard Strauss, and Rachmaninoff.

But why include Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Martinu, Malipiero, Krenek, Pizzetti, Szymanowski, or Gershwin —and absent other minor masters of variously similar endowment like Respighi, Webern, Fauré, Ruggles, Satie, Scriabin, Poulenc, Kodály, Casella, Loeffler, Roussel, Varèse, D'Indy, Saint-Saëns, and Bax; not to mention Barber, Hanson, Schuman, Thomson, Messiaen, or even Leonard Bernstein?

Composers represented in this unique volume, other than the aforementioned, are Stravinsky, Ravel, Delius, Elgar, Prokofiev, Schönberg, De Falla, Milhaud, Bartók, Bloch, Vaughan Williams, Hindemith, Berg, Shostakovich, Walton, Villa-Lobos, Chavez, Harris, Copland, and the two new tenants since the book first appeared, Britten and Piston. Elgar was born before Mahler, incidentally, although Mahler isn't covered here. If you happen to feel that the Viennese was more significantly prophetic than the Edwardian, go fight city hall.

All of the factual material seems to be accurate. A few of the individual studies are first-rate analyses in the best traditions of serious criticism. Several others are so obviously partisan there would be little justification for their inclusion were it not for some occasional lucidity. The remarks of the composers themselves are well to have, certainly. For all its weaknesses, this is a valuable book to keep around.

DEDICATION, by Sigmund Spaeth. Holt. $3. The affable Dr. Spaeth, to his credit, doesn't pretend to have produced a joint biography of Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck. Only their marathon courtship engages his attention. Encompassing twelve years of bliss and travail, this slender volume is a portal-to-threshold account of "one of the greatest love stories of all time." Selectively speaking, the facts certainly fit the formula. Boy meets girl. Cupid's arrow flies. Parental disapproval. Career. Assorted trials and tribulations. Love conquers all.

Of the insanity which was to drive Schumann to a suicide attempt and premature death in a madhouse, nothing. Of the Byronic bluebird-chasing and compulsive resistance to normal behavior patterns which characterized his entire life, only occasional glimpses. The whitewash is complete. But it wouldn't be fair to charge the author with any high crimes. There is room for this sort of pie-in-the-sky fictionized biography.

—JAMES LYONS.

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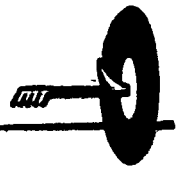
HITS AND MISSES



THE operator of this pitch has been batting away now for nearly three years without so much as a word of recapitulation. There have been none of those year-end summaries and general rehashes of previous comment which seem to come in so handily for other columnists. The record will not be broken. Ever forward is the motto. There are now at hand no less than thirty new sides of music by Stan Kenton, the imperial cyclops of what is known as "progressive jazz." The sides in question are under the Capitol label, the numbers reading from 899 to 913 inclusive (79¢ apiece), the titles ranging from "Thermopolae" to "His Feet's Too Big for de Bed."

As of going to press, Maestro Kenton is about to lead his forty-piece orchestra, plus a vocalist, in two concerts at Carnegie Hall. From a seat in suburban New Jersey it seems abundantly clear that the patrons are in for a noisy time of it. If, as a good many pessimists seem convinced, the end of the world is nearer than has often been suspected, it is obvious that Kenton himself will not end with a whimper. This is perhaps the loudest orchestra in history.

There are palpably men of talent aboard. The labels note that the excellent bassist's name is Eddie Safranski. Not the least of his virtues is quietude. We also enjoyed June Christy's singing of the fine old "Willow Weep for Me" and the be-bop favorite "How High the Moon"—when the band wasn't punctuating her efforts in the manner of the Black Tom explosion. A man named Art Pepper plays the saxophone most agreeably in "Unison Riff" and the trombonist Milt Bernhart attractively adorns "The Peanut Vendor." These gentlemen seem to feel that music can have some connection with the warm, singing spirit. "Thermopolae," composed and arranged by Bob Graettinger, turns out to be a seething little tone poem that might make a dramatic movement for a neo-Grec ballet. It seems to us by far the most original of the thirty Kenton sides. The Kenton repertory runs from be-bop to riffing, from colorism à la Ellington to jump music, from pocket rhapsodies to Caribbean effects. There is a great deal of powerhouse arranging, and the word attack might well have been coined to describe the Kenton approach. But of genuine lyricism, of inventive distinction, either spontaneous or composed, we found very little. The prevailing impression is of mechanical violence.

While Kenton's brass screams toward the future, the revival of past styles continues at a great rate. There is an appealing album of "Honky Tonk Piano" (Capitol CC 187, $3.14), in which three lively traditionalists with various percussive assistants go to work on the cobwebbed beauties of "Kitten on the Keys," "Two Dollar Rag," "The Entertainers' Rag," "Jim Jams," "Maple Leaf Rag," and "Cannon Ball Rag." The last-named humdinger we last heard played some years ago by Hoagy Carmichael's mother, who at the time bore a close resemblance to Whistler's. The professors in the album under discussion are Marvin Ash, Lou Busch, and Ray Turner, and before our ragtime expert Kay C. Thompson writes in to say that they are guilty of various ragtime heresies, we hasten to add that there is a plenty of room in the album for "Huggin' the Keys" and "Dixie Rag" by Armand Hug of New Orleans (Capitol 863, 79¢), an operative who has received the Thompson *imprimis* and who obviously dwells in intimacy with Scott Joplin's ghost.

Hot combinations we have galore. Jimmy Dorsey's little group, with the unquenchable Charley Teagarden on his trumpet, have done a stirring "Clap Hands (Here Comes Charlie)" and "When You Wore a Tulip" (Columbia LP 1-544, 60¢). Splendid proof that California musical life is not limited to the Schönberg and Stravinsky coteries is offered in "Down in Honky-tonk Town" and "Susie" (Capitol 919, 79¢) by the drummer Ray Bauduc and his Bobcats, a file of syncopated chevaliers including Matty Matlock, clarinet, Nate Kazebier, trumpet, Brad Gowans, trombone, and Eddie Miller, saxophone. The abiding vitality of free-style, small-band jazz after all these years is really not so remarkable when you consider the play it gives to native, rip-snorting musicality. It is merely one of our national blessings. Here is the old master Red Nichols with a thorough job of blues and stomp playing on the hallowed theme of "Battle Hymn of the Republic" (Capitol 829, 79¢), and Sharkey Bonano, the lovely New Orleans trumpeter, offers not only his utterly convincing "I'm Satisfied with My Gal" but a buoyant 4-4 translation of the venerable "Over the Waves" waltz (Capitol 846, 79¢). This is one of the happiest seascapes we have observed.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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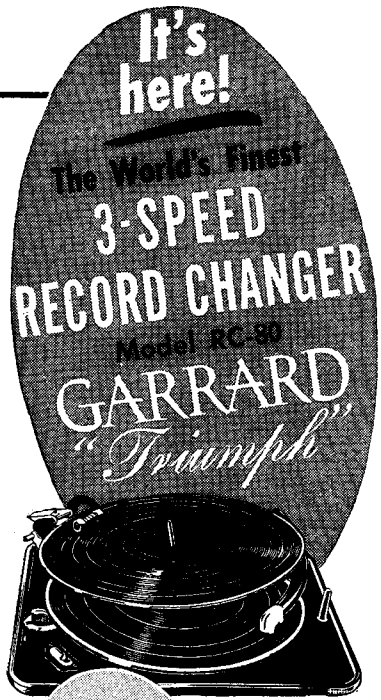

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MORROW

In Short: A Sampling of Singles

VOCAL: One of the recurrent perplexities in record valuation is the question: "How dependable is a record as a gauge of an unfamiliar voice?" The inevitable response, "It depends on the voice," seems too easy an answer. But two records of persons now familiar to us serve as fresh reminder of its validity. Erna Berger's "Martern aller artern" from Mozart's "Entführung" (RCA Victor 12-1095, 49-0931) was a brilliant promise before she ever appeared here. Its domestic issue appears after a winter of opera and concert, in which Berger's musicianship, taste, and vocal dexterity conclusively proved that her discs did not oversell her. A splendid recording too, with Josef Krips conducting. . . . Italo Tajo's "Non più addrai" from "Figaro," however, is another instalment in a pattern of steadily declining interest since the admired Cetra collection of Mozart arias was followed by his Metropolitan debut. The vocal method is rough, for one thing, the tones wrenched from his chords rather than produced, the musical taste more flamboyant than vigorous. The pairing here is with "La Calunnia" from "Il Barbiere," sadly oversung and with none of the authentic buffo manner of Pinza's disc of some months back. Jean Paul Morel, often a resourceful conductor, doesn't seem to have much choice about what to do here. Generally good sound, though the voice is aggrandized by the mike placement (RCA Victor 12-1076, 49-4816). . . . Rather more tasteful Mozart is heard from Peter Anders in "Konstanze, dich wiederzusehen" from the "Entführung" and "Dies bildnis bezaubernd schön" from "Zauberflöte." I prefer a voice of Schiotz's refinement in the first of these, but Anders is certainly a sensitive singer, if not always a persuasive one. Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt is the conductor and the recording is in the acceptable category. (Capitol-Telefunken 8-86009). . . . I'd like to say the once remarkable voice of Dorothy Maynor is everything it used to be in her current issue of Russalka's air from the Dvorak opera, but the silver glints only occasionally, and there is a thickness in the middle that was not there formerly. It is a charming conceit, however ("O Lovely Moon"), and well worth an investment on its own, as conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. Overside are two brief Dvorak items, also in English (RCA Victor 12-1079, 49-0818).

INSTRUMENTAL: Milhaud's "Scaramouche" is a good example of a piece which has more than its fair share of recording because it fills a niche in a repertory—in this instance, the repertory of the duo-pianists. The current performers are Genia Nemenoff and Pierre Luboshutz, whose playing is about average in precision, nuance, and percussiveness—which means a little too much percussion and not quite enough nuance. The 45 rpm I heard has fine clarity and more than a casual amount of surface sound (RCA Victor 12-1091, 49-0839).

ORCHESTRAL: Between the conductors whose repertory is unsurpassable and those whose repertory is unspeakable, Werner Janssen has the distinction of amassing a photographic catalogue at least unduplicated. The newest entry is a coupling of three brief excerpts from Shostakovich's "Lady Macbeth of Mtzensk"—"Burying the Corpse in the Cellar," "The Ghost Disappears," and "Drunks at the Wedding." This is one of the more than single expressions of Shostakovich with which he has fallen out of favor from time to time, and in this instance, at least, Stalin's musical judgment is beyond reproach. Blatant stuff, but very well played by Janssen and his orchestra, in a version by Maganini. Broad reproduction, noisy surfaces (Capitol 8-86010). . . . Two months ago we had a "Rosamunde" overture by Fistoulari on London; this month one by Mengelberg on Capitol-Telefunken (8-86006). This is an older and poorer recording, whose only gain is in individuality—unfortunately, the individuality is Willem Mengelberg's not Schubert's. . . . Better recording by far but not much closer to the spirit of Schubert are a group of "Deutsche Tänze" conducted by Leopold Stokowski, which for reasons of his own are called "Tyrolean Dances." Included is the delightful "Valse Sentimentale," conducted with swells and heaves which would strain Ravel's "La Valse" and break poor Schubert on the rack of Stokowski's "temperament." Pretty disgraceful, in all (RCA Victor 10-1519, 49-0814). . . . As tonic to the foregoing, I have been taking Arthur Fiedler's uproarious version with the Boston "Pops" of Bigelow's "Our Director" march. It is at least half as loud again as the famous "Donner und Blitzen"—and in the realm of decibels nothing further can be said. Its partner is T. M. Carter's "Boston Commandery March," of which one trio is "Onward Christian Soldiers" for trumpets (RCA Victor 49-0842, 12-1094). Eyes right! Forward, hup!

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Bailey, Pearl: "Legalize My Name." Columbia LP 6099, $2.85.	"The art of Pearl Bailey," I am assured on the jacket that contains this disc, "will convince any but the most crabbed mentality that here is indeed a peerless entertainer." Since I would not like to be labeled a "crabbed mentality" I admit that there are style and a raw kind of charm in Miss Bailey's "Tired," "It's a Woman's Prerogative," "Fifteen Years," etc. But, says my crabbed mentality, no art. Good recording.
Holiday, Billie: "Now or Never." Decca 24947, 79¢.	With some considerable aid from Sy Oliver, who has charge of the orchestra, Miss Holiday delivers in this and the overside, "Gimmie a Pigfoot and a Bottle of Beer," two of the best sides she has made in a long while. Simpler in style and less affected in manner than often has been her custom, Miss Holiday sounds like the great singer she can be, and too often isn't.
Howard, Eddy: "The Girl That I Marry" and "Brother Bill." Mercury 5394, 79¢.	For a verdict on the Berlin song from the current version of "Annie Get Your Gun," see below. However, in the specialty of Louis Armstrong the likable Howard makes a pleasant experience of a huntsman at bay, though it would take the late Bert Williams to make it the rich delight it could be.
Hutton, Betty, and Howard Keel: "Annie Get Your Gun." MGM album 50, $3.93; LP, $2.85.	Way out West in Hollywood with the film version of Irving Berlin's stage success, done in Eastern style by the volatile Hutton and the versatile Keel. Vigorous and ingratiating work on a score which is mostly that, though not all the decibels in California can alter a fixed conviction, in re "The Girl That I Marry" . . . when Berlin's lyrics are good, there are none better, but when they're bad, they're like the girl with the curl.
James, Harry: "Young Man with a Horn." Columbia LP 6106, $2.85.	Since "Young Man with a Horn" has not yet appeared in my neighborhood house (unless you consider the Music Hall a neighborhood house), I have not had a previous opportunity to sample the work done by James on the sound track of that film, concerned vaguely with the life and times of "Bix" Beiderbecke. The value of this disc is that it will save me a disappointing evening in the theatre, for James has rarely misused his wonderful talents so shamefully. Were those talents spent and gone I'd be merely sorry, but when he can play as he does in "Get Happy" (with an amusing "chase" chorus in the Beiderbecke-Trumbauer tradition) or "Limehouse Blues" the sighing, sobbing, sloppy treatment of "The Man I Love" or "With a Song in My Heart" is a perversion both gross and ugly. Doris Day sings nicely when she can, which isn't often.
Jones, Spike: "Riders in the Sky." RCA Victor 47-4731, 65¢.	If there remain any faint possibilities of humor in a parody of this now-spent success, Jones and the Sons of the Sons of the Backwoodsman ream it out. Note the instrumental reprise, especially the introduction, satirically, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" from which the tune was "borrowed" in the first place. "Chinese Mule Train," on the overside, is louder, funnier, and no more preposterous.
Krupa, Gene: "These Foolish Things Remind Me of You." RCA Victor 47-4737, 65¢.	A middle-distance revival, not of yesterday quite or yesteryear but somewhere in between, featuring inventive tenor playing by Buddy Wise. Krupa's band is not much closer to an individual sound than it ever has been, but his own rhythmic powers are unblighted.
Warren, Fran: "Ho Hum It's Spring." RCA Victor 47-4738, 65¢.	Had there not once been a song called "It Might As Well Be Spring" this would seem a lot more original—but Warren sings the clever variation on an unoriginal theme with a good deal of artfulness and insinuation. "Don't Say Goodbye," over yonder, is more ordinary in thought and execution.
Wilson, Teddy: "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," etc. Columbia LP 6098, $2.85.	Eight choice examples of what I always think of as "Tempo di Teddy"—that medium speed, languorous yet bouncy pace in which the workings of his keen musical mind best coordinate with the agile fingers in a filigree at once neat, ingenious, and original. Among the favored tunes are "Rosetta," "I Know That You Know," "China Boy," "Them There Eyes," "Body and Soul," all of them familiar—plus "I Can't Get Started," which belies its name by starting with Berigan, going on though Bushkin, and winding up as pure Wilson.

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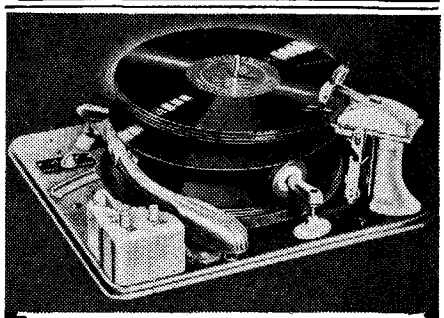

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Voices from Vienna, Salzburg

IF THE present pace of reproducing previously unrecorded vocal music continues—in the pattern that has recently given us Haydn's "Creation" and "The Seasons," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and the Mozart Requiem Mass, to mention but a few—the really learned man will not be one who lives next to the British Museum, where all he can consult is dull notes on fading paper, but the one who lives on a Kansas farm with a long-playing machine and time to study the actual music. I cite, as the latest evidence, two sizable works I have never heard in twenty years of concert going: Zoltan Kodály's "Te Deum" and the C major "Coronation" Mass (K.317) of Mozart, both issued this month.

The only thing I can think of to say against them is that they are not on the same record.

The Kodály "Te Deum" is particularly arresting for acquainting us with a new company, Westminster, which, if it continues its stipulated policy of producing *only* works not previously issued on records, or so long ago that they belong to another era of phonographic time, may become known to its contemporaries as Westmonster. For they have not only embarked on a laudatory program, but implemented it with a technical skill uncommon among companies of any size—especially small ones.

The happy fact is that this "Te Deum" (it was written in 1936, though not so noted on the container notes) is a work of majestic stride, of overwhelming emotional force and musical imagination. Its sounds stir dim memories of an equally impressive Kodály work called "Psalmus Hungaricus," which, the grapevine says, may soon be before us in a recording from RCA Victor. No more than a blind man could write a convincing waltz so a man without faith could not evoke the sense of this "Te Deum laudamus." Kodály convinces me, certainly, that his is the faith that makes worthy music, if not the kind that moves mountains. It is colored by dissonance now and again, but always in the trend of moving voices and the harmonic coloration well-defined by Handel, Bach, and a hundred others.

One is immediately seized by the force of the recorded sound, its excellent balance and purity. The next realization is of the authoritative accent of Swoboda's leadership, its good pattern of phrase and definition. Eventually, one recognizes fine quality in the solo voices: Sena Jurinac, soprano, Sieglinde Wagner, alto, Rudolf Christ, tenor, and Alfred Poell, bass. In one ecstatic series of elaborations on the words "Tu Rex gloriae, Christus," the sound, over all, is quite remarkable. The Wiener Chor and Vienna Symphony Orchestra are used.

My principal complaint is that neither here, nor in many other places, can the text be clearly distinguished. Either the singers were a little out of microphone range, or else the conductor didn't bother sufficiently about enunciation—which is a serious mistake. I would also like the reader to know that the whole of this work, on a twelve-inch LP, is only about eighteen minutes; and the overside "Theatre Overture" (a brilliant, but not indispensable work of Kodály) is less than fifteen. Whether the material involved and the cost of organizing a recording of it in Vienna are worth the asking price, the reader will have to decide. I can assure him that the execution, on all levels, has been faithfully done. (Westminster WL 50-1, $5.95.)

The Mozart "Coronation" Mass is another sort of thing. How it compares with the preceding sixteen masses I cannot say, for I do not know them. But it is a perfectly characteristic example of this composer's genius at twenty-three—meaning that it is full of musical felicity, harmonic invention, and the most sophisticated kind of workmanship. John N. Burk's annotations point out, reasonably enough, the fallacy of labeling it "operatic" because the "Agnus Dei" resembles, unmistakably, the Countess's "Dove Sono" in "Le Nozze di Figaro." I would put the emphasis the other way and note it as typical of Mozart's profound impulse that when he came to write something expressive of the Countess's longing for past love, her despair about

Where are fled those charming moments
Of great sweetness and delight?
Where are flown those frequent oaths
Of that false deceitful mouth?

it should be in terms of regret and compassion not out of place for "Agnus Dei." It is the opera which is spiritual, rather than the spiritual expression which is operatic.

There are more than a few lapses from approved technical standards in the reproduction of this mass, which was made at an actual Salzburg performance last summer and is issued here by a Boston organization (Festival Recordings, Inc., 125 Mt. Vernon Street) apparently determined to combat tooth, nail, and microgroove the idea that only Haydn is cherished in the city of the bean and the cod. The Lowells may speak only to Cabots, and the Cabots only to God, but both Mozart *and* Haydn are permitted to speak for themselves in the famous Commonwealth.

The beginning of the second side is especially contaminated by dullish sound, and there are sections elsewhere which suggest a short-wave broadcast from overseas. Prevailingly, the experience is expressively conveyed. Joseph Messner's direction is consistently on a high level of aspiration, the singers, in the main, qualified. Julius Patzak is the admirable tenor, Hans Braun the eloquent bass, Hilde Zadek a well-equipped soprano, and Eleanore Gifford (an American) the rich-voiced alto. Festival Recordings is uncommonly candid on one point: the exact duration of each section is indicated on the label, informing the buyer that he will receive no more nor less than 30:25 minutes and seconds of music on the *two* sides. An admirable precedent—and we hope (not too hopefully) universally emulated.

—THE EDITOR.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Help for New South Wales

SIR: As a faraway reader of your fine paper, I write to you in hope that you will extend the hand of good fellowship and solve one of my problems. For some time we have been hearing over the radio a delightful American record called "Sparky's Magic Piano," which has a special interest for my two little girls. Unfortunately, due to dollar exchange difficulties, the record is unobtainable here . . . If it would be possible to find someone who would dispatch me a new record of "Sparky's Magic Piano," I would happily send a new copy of a very well-produced book called "Mostly Australian," by Charles Fenner. . . .

ANNE WILLIAMS.

Bexley North, N.S.W., Australia

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editor is agreeable to acting as forwarding agent for anyone willing to cooperate in this venture. The record should be well packed for shipping, of course.*

Bang in Landowska?

SIR: I agree on the whole with your evaluation of RCA Victor's "Long Play" records. However . . . how can such an experienced . . . organization as Victor issue a record [the Landowska "Well-Tempered Clavier"] on which the disheartening bang of a closing door is so audible?

RICHARD EASTMAN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The harpsichord being the instrument it is, the "banging" to which Mr. Eastman refers is a pedal noise, inherent in the operation of the instrument. It is on occasion audible in the concert hall too.*

Pal Joey and M-G-M

SIR: In re the rumored recording of "Pal Joey." If Columbia defaults on this, why not an "original cast" album from M-G-M? Isn't Gene Kelly on permanent tap at that studio to do "Iniquity" and "I Could Write a Book"? Isn't June Havoc adrift in yon environs to record "Terrific Rainbow" and, in lieu of Jean Castro, "Zip!"? Isn't Van Johnson contractually available for an M-G-M discing of his specialty, "Hunting Horn"? . . . Vivienne Segal might wax "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered" in New York. . . . Meanwhile it remains a national scandal to have unavailable the most polished score of the pre-Hammerstein Rodgers.

HAL MOREAU.

Fitchberg, Mass.

De Reszke on Record

SIR: I enjoyed the article on Toscanini . . . but the first sentence of the third paragraph brought me up with a start! "There are no records of De Reszke." . . . I had once read that in 1896 or '97 someone had placed a recording instrument high on the stage at the Metropolitan and as a result had records of Jean de Reszke's voice. . . .

CARLTON L. HOMMEL.

Syracuse, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The cylinder to which Mr. Hommel refers is well known, of course, but the circumstances in which it was made were so adverse that it cannot be considered a "record" (in a factual sense) of De Reszke's voice. The faintness of the sound itself, the occasional screech of a male voice, together with a fuzzy echo of an orchestra, are hardly the means of evaluating the art of a legendary, peerless Tristan, Des Grieux, Faust, and Siegfried! Legend also states that De Reszke made more than one disc in a studio, but they have vanished if they ever existed.*

Votes for Weingartner

SIR: With regard to your query "what do the other forty-five states say?" about reissue of Weingartner recordings on LP, we wish to assure all concerned that there will be eager collectors in Georgia, too . . . especially Beethoven's Ninth, regardless of the inherent fidelity limitations.

L. J. SHEFFIELD, JR.
BOB GORDON.

Rome, Ga.

SIR: Let me sound another vigorous vote for Weingartner on LP. His interpretation of Beethoven's Fifth . . . coupled with "Die Weihe des Hauses" . . . would make a fitting monument to a unique conductor.

E. C. COOLIDGE.

Cincinnati, O.

SIR: Action, please, on Weingartner LP's. All California is waiting.

HAROLD PIKE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE. *Is there nothing from the great state of Texas? The Maryland Free State? The Commonwealth of Massachusetts? Carolina, North, and Dakota, South? Now is the time for all good music lovers to come to the aid of the project.*

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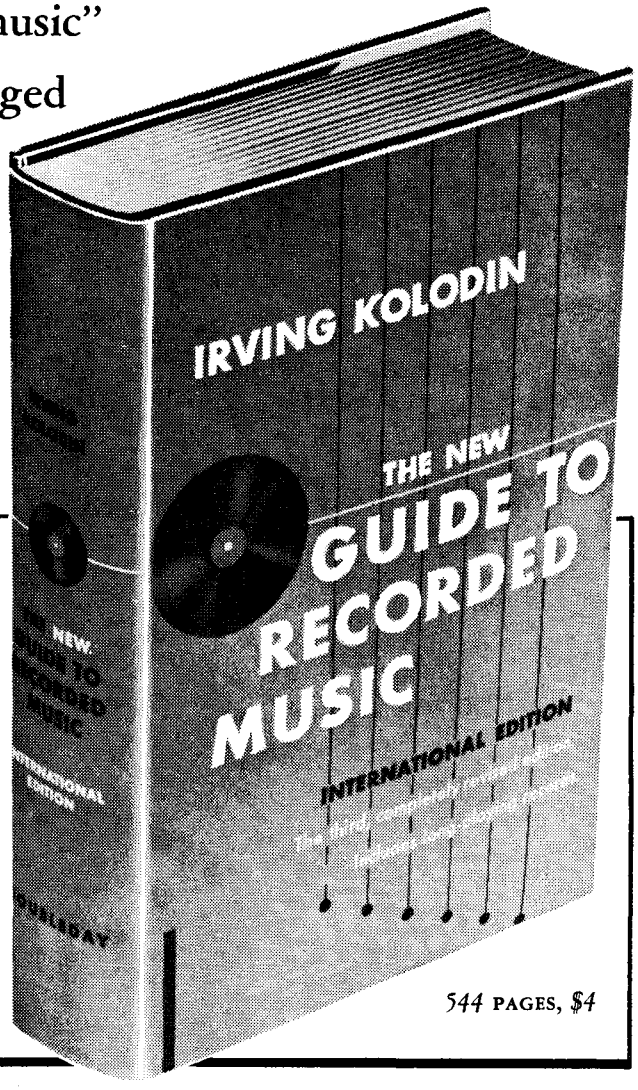

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